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CHINA IN TRANSFORMATION AND THE WAR.

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ALTHOUGH very few people with any reputation as political students would care to risk a prophecy as to the probable dénouement of the present war, the writer is bold to foretell one thing. China will provide some surprises for the world at large, possibly before the conclusion of the war, inevitably after it is over. Russia and Japan present to the uninstructed observer the spectacle of two men fighting for the possession of a quasi-moribund third; but the supposed helpless one has opened at least one eye, if not very widely, and is eagerly watching the struggle.

Let us briefly recapitulate some of the principal developments in China which have been silently at work during the past few years. The most important change has undoubtedly been in the attitude of the Chinese towards Japan. This has been in the nature of a revolution, and the fact that it has been possible to overcome one of the strongest prejudices in the Chinese mind opens the gate to infinite possibilities.

When the *coup d'état* of 1898 reduced the reforming Emperor to a helpless puppet, exiled the leaders of the movement, and brought into power the most reactionary of Chinese parties, the Western World accepted the situation with apparent resignation. China must work out her own salvation, and Occidental efforts

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must be concentrated simply on obtaining as many advantages for trade as were compatible with existing conditions. The attitude was not unreasonable, since it was ostensibly no one's special business to interfere in Chinese domestic affairs, and the action of any one Power or group of Powers would have been resented as much by the others as by China herself. Japan was on a different, and even more delicate, footing, and it is with consummate tact that she has contrived to obtain her ends. One of her most useful agencies has been the Legation at Pekin. Europeans who knew that city of diplomatists some years ago can remember the time when Great Britain dominated it politically and socially, as far as the foreign community was concerned. Then came the period of Russian ascendency, acquiesced in by Britain and her representatives with a sort of blind fatalism. The Russians brought Oriental tactics to bear; they got the best information, not merely by paying for it, but by devoting time, patience, and infinite pains to the task. Cassini, usually credited with a Machiavellian policy in Pekin, was in fact a figurehead, Pavloff, the type of a *rusé* Russian diplomat, being in reality the moving spirit of the Legation in these palmy days of Muscovite influence. The Chinese were hypnotized by Russia; the multiplication of Russian ambitions, the number of agencies employed (not the least important being that peculiar institution, the Russo-Chinese Bank), the steady march forward of Russian railways—all this bewildered the weak and venal party at the head of Chinese affairs. Li Hung-Chang, that cynical opportunist, was convinced that Russia was the strongest as well as the most insistent of the Powers who were clamoring at the gates of Pekin; and the man who in his earlier days had really tried to make his country strong, ended by throwing her into the arms of her most dangerous enemy. This was the period for Russia of bloodless victories, of shameless breaches of faith, of endless ambitions. For Britain, it was a period of fruitless remonstrance and loss of prestige, while Germany and France, in their several ways, made the most of the opportunity afforded by China's weakness. Japan alone was busy laying a countermine, while refraining carefully from any overt act of aggression. Gradually it became apparent that the Japanese Legation was the best informed in Pekin. At the same time, rivalries and dissensions divided the Russian party within itself, until at last the two chief agencies, the Legation

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and the Russo-Chinese Bank, were barely on speaking terms. The Russian authorities in Manchuria squabbled with those at Pekin. Alexeieff, when he took over the reins of government as Vice-Tsar in the Far East, found a disunited staff, and his stiff militarism and consequent unpopularity did little to restore harmony.

Before all this happened, however, the Boxer incident upset the most careful diplomatic calculations. Japan was on the horns of a dilemma. She was obliged to march with the Allied Armies, and to take part in a punitive expedition against the very people whose *amour propre* she was most anxious not to wound. Only the extraordinary restraint and propriety of the Japanese troops, contrasted with the license of some of the Occidentals, saved the situation for her. Russia undoubtedly gained by the Boxer rising, since it gave her long-sought excuses for strengthening her hold on Manchuria; but Japan gained in moral stature proportionally in Chinese eyes, and, having proved to them that her soldiers were equal in the field to any of the allied troops (a testimony borne by the commanders of different nationalities), she was able also to point a moral to her quondam foes. The necessity of a trained army for China, with all the accompaniments of modern equipment, had long been realized by some of the foremost Chinese statesmen of the day, and by none more clearly than by the Generalissimo of the Northern Forces, Yuan Shih-Kai. This personage has accomplished the difficult task of balancing himself on two stools, being at once the favorite of the Empress Dowager and the favorer of reform. It is well known that he gained the confidence of that remarkable woman, Tszu-Hszi, by an act of treachery to the reformers; but it is also conceded by many who are in sympathy with the Reform party that, at the time of the *coup d'état,* their programme was revolutionary and unlikely to produce good results. Yuan Shih-Kai, having gained a firm footing by his action, has since that time quietly but firmly supported the less visionary reforms, and at the present time has achieved a unique position in China. He is regarded by his countrymen as their one hope in the future, and Europeans who know him speak in the highest terms of his character and capacity. His chief efforts have been bent to the training and equipment of an army in Northern China; for one of his maxims is, that policy without force is useless.

It is needless to say that Japan plays a great part in the con-

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siderations of this Chinese statesman. It must be remembered that, unlike Li Hung-Chang, he has resisted the influence of Russia, while to Germany he has been a thorn in the side (in Chihli and Shantung), resisting her attempts at encroachment, barring her way to concessions, and generally making himself as unpleasant as possible. Nevertheless, while making every use of Japanese methods in drilling and equipping his men, he is not, as is sometimes represented, a Japanese tool. His motto is "China for the Chinese." He expresses vigorously the belief that, whichever party wins in the present struggle, China will not be a gainer, unless—and we can imagine that his mental reservation on this subject would be "*unless* China can bring forward a policy backed by force." The lesson taught by Russia in Manchuria, by Germany in Shantung, and by the Allied Armies as they marched to Pekin has sunk into the hearts of the Chinese, to whom any less forcible lesson would have been useless. Yuan Shih-Kai has plenty of sympathy in his aspiration to give his country an arm of defence.

Space forbids that the growth of Japanese reforms in China should be described in detail, although it is a most interesting subject and can be traced backwards, as it were, through the ramifications of Chinese society to its various sources. Japan took up the task where Europe had practically laid it down, and she did not build on any of the old foundations. Religious propaganda had always been regarded as the only root-force which could accomplish reform in China, and the heroism and devotion displayed in this cause by Occidental missionaries has been unsurpassed in the history of religion. Deeply as one must sympathize with the Men and the Cause, it is impossible to be satisfied with the result. Japan had two great advantages at the outset of her campaign,—she had the written language as a means of communication, and she had a certain community of religious and social traditions. Although pan-Buddhism is actually playing a part in the Chinese-Japanese *entente,* it is more as a racial than as a religious bond. The radical difference in the Oriental and Occidental attitude towards religion is one of the strangest and most discouraging facts which the Christian missionary has had to face. It is a wall between the races. Japan and China are on the same side of the wall: they can understand each other without shouting. Practically, the opportunity of acquiring many things which had

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become in his eyes desirable, without any fear of having his morals questioned or his traditions disturbed, has inclined the Chinese towards the Japanese rather than the Occidental form of modernization.

From this vantage-ground the Japanese began their campaign—how? By the intensely modern method of creating a native press! Europe has put a weapon in the hands of the Orient which she will polish and use in her own way. Let it not be imagined that the views of Europe and her civilization spread by the Japanese-controlled Chinese press are those that have currency among the Anglo-Saxon peoples! It would be a distinct shock to the conceit of many people who are in the habit of patting Japan on the back as an apt pupil, to realize the extent to which the pupil has diagnosed the weakness of the teacher while utilizing as much as possible his strength. The effect produced on the most remote parts of China by the introduction of newspapers has been electric. In a population extraordinarily literate and inquisitive, literature had hitherto been entirely confined to the classics, with the exception of a few sheets, circulated chiefly in the seaport towns and containing little that could reach the populace. One of the first results was the exodus of students to the Japanese colleges, of whom there were last year in Tokyo alone over one thousand, and among these many of the influential class. Japanese teachers have largely replaced the Europeans in the Chinese colleges. The tradition that high-class Chinese could not leave home without losing caste has been dispelled by the visits of princes of the blood to foreign countries, and by the appointment of sons of mandarins of high rank to the suites of the ministers in London and Washington.

One of the most remarkable and far-reaching changes, however, is to be found in the revolution which has taken place in examination questions for the degrees which open the road to official appointment. In the place of the stereotyped classical allusions, tests of memory, and so forth, we find in the last year's papers questions as to the significance of the Monroe Doctrine, the value of the Trans-Isthmian canal and Trans-Siberian railway, the meaning of Free Trade and Protection, the characteristics of the educational systems of different countries, and the essentials of a pure and efficient civil service. The new departure is in many cases to be traced to the influence of missionary-disseminated

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literature, and, in particular, to the Society for the Diffusion of Christian and General Knowledge, which, in later years, has worked on the broadest non-sectarian basis of education. The most significant questions, however, relate to the progress of Japan and whether she is "merely following European footsteps." Simultaneously, an industrial *entente* has been effected between China and Japan. Workmen are crowding Japanese arsenals and factories to be taught the use of modern machinery and methods, and the East Asiatic League, which is the organ of the *entente,* devotes itself largely to promoting this side of Chinese reform.

Who can doubt, in the face of all this evidence, that China is on the eve of a new era, and that the new reform movement, of which Japan is the prime instigator, will be successful, because it does not centre in any one district, class of society or political party, but has centres of activity in the army, the mandarin class, the *literati* and the industrial class. All have been touched with the magic wand, while the widely disseminated literature of the Japanese press carries new light to the farthest ends of China. In this connection, it must be remembered that to the Imperial Maritime Customs, under their British Director-General, China owes one of the most useful developments which make for reform. A network of postal service has been spread over the length and breadth of the eighteen provinces, which makes the dissemination of the newspapers and literature possible. As this article is being written, there comes a communication from Sir Robert Hart, in which he unfolds a great scheme of reform for China. The time chosen appears inopportune, the scheme itself is ill-balanced and chimerical; but that such a suggestion should emanate from so conservative a man, who from long residence and association has become more Chinese than many a Chinaman, is additional proof of the profound changes in the Celestial Empire.

The world, which has been almost electrified by the immense successes gained by Japan so far—successes which no subsequent events can rob of their significance—has given hardly sufficient credit to one Japanese arm. It is to her careful and systematic studies, as represented in her truly wonderful Intelligence Department, that Japan owes most. Russia, we say, was taken by surprise. But why? Because Japan, who had been conducting negotiations with the utmost patience and propriety, knew the moment to strike. It was the exact moment when world-condi-

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tions were most favorable. It is inconceivable that Japan would have risked her very existence in so vital a struggle, had she not been fully cognizant of, and made allowance for, various factors which did not appear on the surface. Japan has played no Machiavellian game, she has only utilized the superior advantages of her Oriental reserve and pertinacity in getting information and keeping it quiet; and, coming as an outsider into the game of Occidental politics, she has perhaps seen more than the old performers. It is impossible within the limits of this article to follow out the many threads of policy which have been converging in Eastern Asia; but a very few will suffice.

Let us take recent British action in Asia. One of our great difficulties in Asia has always been our lack of really reliable information, which has been chiefly obtained through a few of our own Asiatic subjects whom we have deigned to employ. The British method of dividing Asia into compartments and treating them separately has also been against us. Fortunately for Japanese aims, we have recently had an Indian Viceroy of more intelligence and force of character than is usual, and a clearer understanding of the Asiatic situation as a whole was vouchsafed to this Viceroy than to any of his predecessors. Incidentally, we must all remember that a Japanese gentleman of education passed a number of months in the Tibetan capital recently, and that the revelation of the Russo-Chinese understanding respecting Tibet came through Pekin. The origin of this understanding is not obscure, and notwithstanding the repeated and explicit denials of the existence of any such agreement the evidence in the possession of British authorities is conclusive. While Russian influence declined at Pekin, Chinese influence has been discredited at Lhasa, and the Russians provided a second string to their bow in the shape of a friendly intercourse with the Dalai-Lama, whom they actually provided with a Russian (Buriat) counsellor. The British move into Tibet, besides happening at an auspicious moment for Japanese interests, which demand that every distraction possible should hamper her adversary, has the effect of demonstrating to the Chinese the vulnerability of that Russian shield on which they had relied. The writer is inclined to think that China will welcome a settlement of the Tibetan question which recognizes her own suzerainty in a part of the Celestial Empire which was fast slipping from her grasp.

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The recent *entente* between Britain and France has been discussed *ad infinitum* on both sides of the Atlantic, and the writer has very little that is novel to add. It has rather escaped notice, however, that a certain docility on the part of Britain as regards disputed points in connection with Siam, the abandonment of railway schemes which might conflict with French ambitions in southwestern China, as well as the more open concessions in North Africa and Newfoundland, have been the foundations of the newly cemented friendship. At the same time, there has been a renewal of British activity in other quarters of Asia from which we hope good results, and the conclusion to which one is driven in regarding these moves in the diplomatic game is that, in Asia at least, British foreign policy has quite recently become more coherent. Looked on as a whole, we can see a distinct plan, a focus as it were; a partial breaking down of the "compartment" theory. However that may be, Japan, watching the game very closely, has clearly perceived that we have achieved the task of detaching France from an inconvenient interpretation of the Dual Alliance, at the very moment when it might have been dangerous to Japanese interests. Japan, moreover, has no longer to fear a repetition of the Triple Alliance, which was so inimical to her interests after a previous war. Germany, although she began her career of Pacific expansion with so much vigor, is reduced to a rather minor part in the European chorus. She is at present devoting her energies to ingratiating herself with Russia, to working up the "Yellow Peril" bogey, and incidentally to getting Yuan Shih-Kai into trouble if possible, for nothing would be more unwelcome to Germany than an armed, efficient China. A very plausible opportunity may present itself in the question of Chinese neutrality.

There is no doubt that the Chinese government is genuinely desirous of preserving a neutral attitude and is urged thereto by Japan, Britain and the United States. For China to become involved in the struggle would not only open the door for Russian retaliation at many vulnerable points, but would inevitably lead to an appeal for intervention on the part of Russia, which would certainly mean further spoliation of China. At the same time, the position is one of peculiar difficulty and danger. Manchuria itself is chiefly inhabited by Chinese from the eighteen provinces, with a mere handful of Manchus; and these, by a General Order

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of Alexeieff, are to be held responsible for acts committed by the robber bands which infest the country. As the Occidental press just now contains frequent reference to these "Chunchuses,"* it may be useful to give a slight description of them.

Manchuria has always, since the Chinese throne fell under a Manchu domination, been the Alsatia of the eighteen provinces. When the conquering Manchus were engaged in enforcing their supremacy in China and draining their own country of men to place in official posts throughout the Empire, and to act as Imperial troops, China, in return, sent back a stream of immigrants to sparsely populated Manchuria. These were chiefly agriculturists or traders, but the lax state of law attracted all who had overstepped the bounds of law in their own country. Malefactors of every class found refuge there; and a large number, banding together, began to make a living by preying on the more industrious immigrants. So systematic did their depredations become, as Chinese commerce developed, that they nearly killed the goose that laid the golden eggs, and at length a compromise was effected which was truly Chinese. The Hung-hu-tsz actually established their own insurance office in Newchwang, where, for a consideration, the merchant, travelling inland, was provided with a little red flag (the Robber Sign), and enjoyed immunity from depredations in the country infested with marauders. In recent years, many of these bands, defying Chinese authority, smuggled improved weapons across the northern (Russian) frontier, and they are not only fairly well armed, but are well mounted and have the mobility, reckless daring, and ingenuity common to such freebooting gangs in every age and every clime. Their headquarters are in remote and inaccessible, but fertile, recesses of the mountainous region between Mongolia and Manchuria. Their numbers vary greatly according to the season and the character of the season. Any one who has had experience of such bands knows the peculiar relations they are able to establish with the village inhabitants, who are at once their victims and their allies. No more difficult problem exists in warfare than that of dealing with such an enemy, who will not come into the open; Americans have not forgotten their experiences with the Ladrones in the Philippines.

* "*Hung-hu-tsz*" (or "*tzu*") is the correct name, and means "Red-beard." Chun-chuse is evidently the Anglicized version of the Russian form, Khunkuse or Khunkuz.

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Alexeieff's order, "All Chinese harboring Chunchuses will be shot, and their villages burnt," if carried into effect, will mean the devastation of the whole country and the practical extermination of a large section of the people; or else it will drive the greater portion of the people into outlawry as robbers themselves. The writer has always held very strongly that these drastic measures are worse than useless in dealing with this difficulty, and they have invariably failed wherever put in force. The really peaceful villager, with a truly Chinese desire to be left alone and to practise his occupation without interference, is placed between the devil and the deep sea. He is denied arms, and is therefore helpless before the Hung-hu-tsz, who have terrorized him and his fathers from time immemorial. On the other hand, he has the fear of Russia before his eyes, and he knows from grim experience how heavy Russia's hand can be. Not content with this measure against the robbers, Alexeieff has actually promulgated an order by which Chinese officials may be arrested on mere suspicion of supplying information to the Japanese.

Just across the border, an imaginary line, on one side of which this state of affairs exists, is an army of twenty or thirty thousand under General Ma. The situation is, therefore, a delicate one. A spark may set fire to the powder magazine. Yuan Shih-Kai, as Generalissimo of the Northern Forces, is clearly a person on whom much depends.

There are already many signs that the Hung-hu-tsz are to play an important part in the war. Russia is ready to declare that they are employed by Japan, and the only absolute argument against this hypothesis is the proved prudence of the Japanese, who would place themselves in a false position by so doing and might precipitate the very thing—intervention—which they are most anxious to avoid. As a matter of fact, the Russians have already tried to utilize them as irregular forces, but the execution of several of their leaders (most flagrant marauders) has alienated all these lawless bands, who regarded it as an act of treachery. They may not love the Japanese, but they are shrewd enough to wish to be on the winning side, and the successes of Japan must have won her many adherents. It would be difficult to disprove the charge, of Japanese complicity with the Robbers, and still more difficult to prove that the Robbers are quite independent of Chinese aid or encouragement. Chinese soldiers in disguise may

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well be found within their ranks, and although in reality they may be deserters from the army it will be impossible to prove this clearly. While the attitude of the Government and of the Chinese General remains correct, it would be in the highest degree unreasonable to set up a charge of breach of neutrality; but there are evident signs that such a charge will be made on the very slightest pretext. It is to be hoped that the Powers whose interests demand that China should be kept out of the fray, are exercising special vigilance in this matter, and are prepared to meet any charge with evidence of its unreason.

A move on the part of Russia which should meet with universal disapproval in the civilized world, is the recent order as to the employment of convicts from Saghalin as soldiers in Manchuria. Any one who has experience of Russian communities in Siberia and Manchuria is aware that even the less desperate criminals, of whom the lowest stratum of society is formed, are a constant menace to property and even to life. But the Saghalin convicts are criminals of the worst type, brutalized still further by the circumstances of existence in their horrible exile. Surely no civilized nation has ever called into its service men of such calibre, and when the complicated conditions of the country are taken into consideration, and it is remembered that these men may be called on to mete out justice to unarmed villagers, to maintain order—they who have set the laws of order in defiance in the most desperate way—and to uphold the honor of "Holy Russia" among a pagan people, one may well tremble for the consequences. This action is a curious commentary on the statement given to the world in the pages of this REVIEW by Count Cassini. He tells us that "the flower of enlightened civilization blooms through a land that a few years ago was a waste." Count Cassini's picture of Manchuria blooming under Russian rule inevitably recalls that fatal name of Blagovestchensk, and he is prepared with a statement concerning that episode which is hardly paralleled for audacity. We are told that the Boxers, aided by Chinese regular troops commanded by Chinese officers, crossed the Ameer and attacked Blagovestchensk. One feels that Count Cassini's defence of his country's policy cannot but lose from such palpable distortion of facts well known and attested by reliable witnesses.

Of the many considerations which arise out of the points raised in this article, the one which the writer is most anxious to press

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home is the delicate and dangerous position of China and the necessity for preparedness on the part of those Powers which desire to keep her out of the fray. We have seen that the course of events, not merely in the Far East, but in other parts of Asia, makes it likely that Russia will be specially desirous of embroiling China, whose influence in Central Asia can no longer be regarded as pro-Russian; but we have also seen that the present grouping of Occidental Powers is sufficiently favorable to Japan to secure her a fair field. That she relied on this is as certain as that she gauged the fact, long before it was palpable to Europe, that the war would not array the whole Russian Empire against her. We know now that it is a war waged by the bureaucracy, who are not even unanimous among themselves; and when we remember this, and remember that some of the leading Russian statesmen are opposed to the headlong policy which led to the war, and that the bulk of the people are indifferent, if not averse, to it, we may indulge the hope that the conflict will result in a more even and permanent adjustment of Far-Eastern politics than has hitherto been possible, without that absolute ruin of either of the combatants which our Job's comforters are fond of predicting.

As an old friend and admirer of the wonderful Chinese Empire and a profound believer in its future of prosperity and usefulness, if only it could accomplish domestic reform, the writer cannot help cherishing the hope that this favorable solution will be found possible. If Yuan Shih-Kai fulfils the promise he has given—he is only forty-five years old—he may prove the leader for whom China has waited so long. Removed from the deadly pressure of the Muscovite on the north, China could deal effectively with the aggressions of the foreigner; and, with moderate measures of reform, she would be able to develop her unrivalled resources and maintain her independence as a nation, and yet afford a market for the great expansionist commercial Powers.

ARCHIBALD R. COLQUHOUN.

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NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

BY HAMILTON WRIGHT MABIE.

THERE is such general agreement touching the quality of Hawthorne's genius and the rank of his work in American literature, that the centennial of his birth invites comment on the conditions under which he developed his gifts, rather than a fresh estimate of the artistic value of his contribution to our prose. Our literature is singular in that, alone among the literatures of the greater races, it had beginnings but no youth; it was born highly sophisticated, if not full-grown. Its strength lies in vigor of conviction rather than in depth of experience; in definiteness of aim rather than in rich spontaneity; in moderation, poise and integrity rather than in passion, tidal flood of energy, surrender to imperious moods. It is, so far, the record of a clear-minded, idealistic, well-balanced people, bent on executive rectitude, rather than of a people deeply moved by the mystery and pathos of life, stirred by impulses which rise from the instincts and are stronger than reason, swept out of its moorings from time to time by mysterious currents from unexplored tracts of its nature. This does not mean that Americans are commonplace; it does mean that their art has not, save in rare moments, caught and held the force and splendor of elemental passion.

The Jews began the written record of their experience, both in idea and in action, with reports of cosmic forces subdued to vast ends, and of men stirring into life with immense vitality; the Greeks told the story of a great war set in motion by a passion for a beautiful woman; the Germans recited moving tales of gods and men, with swords bared in a thousand hours of reckless measuring of strength with strength; the English brought with them the legend of a hero slaying a monster; the French beguiled the slow-moving hours of the Middle Ages with the doings

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of Alexandre, of Charlemagne, or Arthur; the Spaniards fed their youth with the brave adventures of the Cid; while the Irish were loving without counting the cost, and fighting for the sport of it, as far back as the time of Cuchulain. In epic, ballad, lyric and story, the first records of the older races have to do with reckless fighting, audacious adventure, lawless and uncalculating passion.

Our writing begins, on the other hand, with the reports of men who had put romance away with resolute hands, and were determined to achieve definite and rational ends in a New World; who were not without awe of its mystery, but who were chiefly concerned to get it under tillage, and to turn its resources to practical account. Our literature of fiction begins with "Ethan Brand," "Peter Rugg," "The Fall of the House of Usher," "Wieland: or the Transformation!" The significance of these facts has not yet been fully disclosed; when it is, we shall understand Poe and Hawthorne better.

The ancestors of Hawthorne left England while the memory of Shakespeare and his contemporaries was still fresh; the settlers of the next century might have read Fielding and Smollett in the first editions; but in Hawthorne, Emerson, Poe and Irving there is no hint of the sixteenth-century passion or of the unashamed virility of the eighteenth century. A sudden maturity seems to have descended on the men of the New World. Puritanism had sublimated life by denying some of its instincts and putting others outside the pale of written speech; and harassing dangers and inexorable work gave elemental impulses safe channels of expression. The men of New England were engrossed by the necessity of saving their souls, and the men of Virginia and South Carolina by the pleasure of a free, hospitable, active, out-of-door life. There were intellectual interests, scholarly traditions and well-read libraries North and South; but life was essentially practical, and art kept company with none of the early emigrants from the Old to the New World.

The New World was so new that all the rudimentary work of civilization had to be done over again; it was without accumulations of legend, romance, learning, religion or society; everything had to be made out of hand. This work was done by several hundred thousand families, forming a long and often defenceless skirmish line in a country full of unorganized but relentless

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enemies. These families came from different countries, or from different classes of society. They had little acquaintance with one another, and in that period absence of knowledge meant presence of suspicion and distrust. The means of communication were few, the distances great, and travel was slow, laborious and expensive. When Hawthorne, Emerson, and Poe were born, these scattered communities had taken on a formal unity as the result of a struggle for the right to manage their own affairs, and they had acted together for three or four decades rather by force of circumstances than by reason of any deep sense of community of feeling or of aims. The former colonists were living under one government, but they had not become a nation.

The prophetic sense in Emerson divined the national idea long before it had taken deep root or found clear expression in the minds of his contemporaries; but Hawthorne and Poe, being primarily, and by the compulsion of a positive if somewhat sublimated genius, artists, and concerned largely with the forms of things, had no such divination; and while both had behind them the distinctive and highly organized life of sections, neither had the ample background, nor was either fed by the deep and rich influences, of a highly developed national life. Hawthorne was a New-Englander rather than an American; there were few Americans in his time. "At present," he writes, "we have no country, at least none in the sense an Englishman has a country. I never conceived, in reality, what a true and warm love of country is till I witnessed it in the breasts of Englishmen. The States are too various and extended to form really one country. New England is quite as large a lump of earth as my heart can really take in." In Poe there is no hint of the wealth of association, memory and experience, capitalized by a race which has lived together for centuries, which one feels in Chaucer or Tennyson; in Hawthorne there is no suggestion of the vast, deep, rich movement of an old society which one feels in Balzac, in Thackeray and Tourgenieff. The absence of national consciousness and of those forces which flow with tidal volume through great communities and make them as one in the crisis of experience, and the absorption of men in practical affairs, are factors of the first importance in any endeavor to understand or estimate the work of Hawthorne, Emerson and Poe, the most important figures in American literature.

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Neither Hawthorne nor Poe touched the life of his time; nor, for that matter, did they touch with the bare hand the life of any time. Poe made his own world, fashioning it out of phantasy as boldly as he shaped the men and women of his imagination. We seem always to be looking at Hawthorne's figures from a distance; we never touch hands with them; they never speak directly to us; we do not expect to come upon them in any of those chance meetings which sometimes bring us face to face with Becky Sharp, Maggie Tolliver and Silas Lapham. Even in "The Blithedale Romance," or "The Marble Faun," where we are within speaking and hearing distance, the drama unfolds before us in a silence as deep as that which enfolds "The Scarlet Letter." Emerson spoke to the soul of his countrymen with the sustained nobility of deep insight and the persuasive eloquence of a very noble and sane outlook on life in its integrity and wholeness; but in Emerson it is altitude rather than mass which gives his work its spiritual distinction. He was not unaware of a certain thinness of tone in it, a certain lack of mass; for he notes in himself what he calls "lack of constitution."

There was no lack of sensitive genius in Emerson, Hawthorne or Poe, but there were distinct deficiencies in their background and in their period; to none of them did a rich national life give its fulness of power, its broad, deep humanness; to none of them did a warm, unfolding air of sympathy bring its liberating force, its benignant and fertilizing influence. Emerson wrote much about his age, but chiefly about its possibilities; he escaped habitually into the upper air from the pressure of its hard conditions. Poe gives no hint anywhere, save in a few critical discussions, that he had any concern with the movements of his time or any interest in them. Hawthorne was a close and shrewd observer; but when his imagination begins to play, he is off and away as instinctively as the poet of most vagrant genius.

For all these writers, and especially for Hawthorne and Poe, art was a refuge from a country which did not feed the imagination, and a life which did not lend itself readily to imaginative interpretation. If there had been literary scholars in America at the beginning of the nineteenth century, they would probably have predicted a literature of heroic figures, of the idealization of action, of realistic devotion to fact and force; instead of this reproduction in art of provincial and local activities and energies,

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there came a literature notable chiefly for its detachment from actualities, its sublimation of passion, its purity and distinction. Not until our own time has the American writer begun to deal at first hand and with his whole heart with contemporary conditions in this country. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and other stories which seem at first glance to refute this statement, really confirm it; not one of these was written with the eye on the facts of life, or for the love of those facts.

Isolated by the fact that his genius was of greater capacity than the volume of life about him, and that it was of a delicacy and subtlety which that life could not furnish with congenial material, Hawthorne was isolated also by the force of ancestral facts, and by his temperament. He has left an impression of his ancestors which is at once curiously impersonal and intensely personal; from the first emigrant who bore his name, "grave, bearded, sable-cloaked and steeple-crowned," treading the streets with a stately port, with his Bible and his sword; his son, so conspicuous in the persecution of the witches that "their blood may fairly be said to have left a stain upon him"; to the hardy ship-masters of a later century, who began before the mast and retired to the leisure of comfortable age from the quarter-deck. There were survivals of all these ancestors in Hawthorne; landsman as he was, he was rarely out of hearing of the sea; the only practical occupations to which he put his hand kept him on or near the wharfs, and the notes of his consular experience betray his constant interest in sailors and his instinctive feeling of relationship with them. It was, however, by the earlier and sterner men of his name that his imagination was most deeply attracted. Removed from them by generations of seafaring experience, liberated from their intense and provincial ideas of life and duty, he lived in and through the experiences of his Puritan ancestors with the marvellous penetration of a genius of rare psychologic affinities and insight. "I know not whether those ancestors of mine," he writes, "bethought themselves to repent, and ask pardon of heaven for their cruelties; or whether they are now groaning under the heavy consequences of them, in another state of being. At all events, I, the present writer, as their representative, hereby take shame upon myself for their sakes, and pray that any curse incurred by them — as I have heard, and as the dreary and unprosperous condition of the race, for many a long year

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back, would argue to exist — may be now and henceforth removed."

Isolation was a potent fact in those impressionable years when he was finding himself and coming slowly into possession of his imagination and of the materials with which he was to work. The twelve years in the little room under the eaves in his mother's house in Salem, from 1825 to 1837, included the entire period of his earliest maturity, from his twenty-first to his thirty-third year. While most youths of genius were getting acquainted with life through experience, he was looking at it from a distance and with meditative eyes. Of action as a form of self-expression he knew nothing at a time when action solicits and compels the great majority of men.

He was not only shut off from his fellows, spending long days in reading, or dreaming, or composing and taking his walks at night, but he was separated from his own family. The emphasis on personality, which was the note of the Puritan view of life and the source of its strength and weakness, has produced a peculiar type of morbid character in New England, the distinguishing mark of which is its passion for solitude. In the South, where the social instinct has been highly developed, the "crank" is found at the post-office and the country store; in New England he lives by himself on the outskirts of the village, or in some lonely farmhouse; and the New England communities are few in which no hermit is found.

During the long years of her widowhood, Hawthorne's mother not only lived apart from the world, but from the members of her own family. His sisters followed their mother's example and lived in their own rooms. In such a ghostly atmosphere the young man succumbed to the prevailing habit, and his meals were often left at his locked door and eaten without human fellowship in the solitude of his room. "We do not even *live* at our house," he once said. In the morning he studied, in the afternoon he wrote and in the evening he read; neither visitors nor friends knocked at his door. Delight in the sense of being at home and the opportunities of reading and dreaming gave the early years of this monastic life keen interest, and contributed not a little to the fostering of his rare genius and his delicate and sensitive talent; but, as time passed, the monotony of his life, its unnatural isolation, involving the denial of the instincts of his youth, bore heavily

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on his spirits, and bred a depression that chilled his imagination and checked the creative impulse in him. Driven back upon himself by the lack of a warm, compelling life about him, such as bore Shakespeare on a flood-tide to the largest prosperity of growth and art; finding nothing in the plain, sincere, but unimaginative community in which he lived to absorb or vitalize his imagination; denied his share in the sympathy and genial warmth of normal family life, Hawthorne took refuge in a world which was full of moral reality, but which was as remote from the actual world as if he had created it out of hand.

Neither in faith nor in practice was he a Puritan. He saw life as the Puritan had once seen it, with clear and authoritative insight; but he saw it under radically different conditions and with the immense modification of the artistic temperament. Through all manners, customs, dress, institutions, he saw, as the Puritan had seen, the interior reality—the life of the soul. It was as if the externalities of life had no separate existence for him; he was aware only of the immortal element in the show and movement of things. And this immortal element was present in his view, not as a free, expanding energy under normal conditions; but crippled, baffled, beaten about by circumstances; distorted and misshapen not only by failure and weakness, but by a deep-going corruption; continually driven back upon itself until it groped blindly in the mysteries of morbid experience. Hawthorne's Puritan inheritance showed itself in his absorption in the problems not only of the spirit, but of the spirit out of harmony with itself and at odds with its own nature.

American fiction began with the application of the most subtle psychology to the study and analysis of character, and Hawthorne, Browne and Poe are the progenitors of Mr. Henry James and of Mrs. Wharton; with this radical difference, that the earlier writers of fiction did not apply their methods to living tissues; they dealt almost entirely with the past or with phantoms of their own creation. Hawthorne's Puritan inheritance determined the bent of his mind, and gave him the key to a world already fast vanishing below the horizon of thought; but his genius, which was fundamentally artistic and therefore non-Puritan, compelled him to look at the world of the Puritan spiritual tragedy from a distance; and when he fastened on the same aspects of experience in contemporary life, as in "The Blithedale Romance" and "The

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Marble Faun," he held his figures at arm's length, and never for a moment do we lose consciousness of the fact that we are "moving about in worlds not realized." His inheritance and his genius were at odds in Hawthorne; the temperament was sympathetic with the inheritance, and his way of living prepared for and invited the ghostly figures which preoccupied his meditations. But his temperament was also artistic and craved color, vitality, form, beauty; hence the extraordinary firmness and fineness of tissue in his work, its precision of statement and its suggestiveness to the imagination, its beauty born in a feeling not only for the subtle and delicate resources of diction, but for the mystery of relationship between spirit and symbol. Hence, also, the sense of remoteness which is never absent from his work; the feeling that we are looking at his men and women through a veil. In the most poignant moments in "The Scarlet Letter," we are never pierced to the heart as, for instance, in "Anna Karénina," in "Crime and Punishment," in "Poor Folk."

Hawthorne impresses us deeply, but he does not agitate us. When he lays the human soul bare, as he lays bare the soul of Dimmesdale, the process is so deliberate and searching that, when we reach the supreme moment of torture, we seem to have come to it through an intellectual rather than an emotional experience. Even when Hawthorne moves rapidly and with a modicum of analysis to the end of the tale, we seem to be reading, not the annals of our time, but the story of

> ". . . old, unhappy, far-off things,
> And battles long ago."

Hawthorne was not only the forerunner of the psychologists in fiction, but he was also the prophet of the symbolists. He does not sacrifice the ethical motive, the searching disclosure of character, to the beauty and suggestiveness of the symbol; but the tales and novels present marvellous symbolic effects, and are unfolded with a rich circumstance of symbolism that takes possession of the imagination, and excludes all other objects save those which contribute to the subtle and complete unfolding of the drama. The note-books bear witness on every page to the closeness and exactness of his observation; he saw objects, both natural and human, with perfect clarity of vision. If he lacks Thoreau's inimitable knowledge of the detail of natural life, he has the same sharpness

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of sight. Nothing escapes him, and nothing is outlined with a careless hand. But the moment a figure appears in the landscape, the landscape begins to relate itself to the figure, to take on its character, to wear the color of its mood, to suggest its innermost experience. As in Poe's tales, familiar things under the clearest sky, in the broadest light, become charged with mystery and meaning, and take possession of the reader's senses while the actors take possession of his imagination. Like Poe, Hawthorne begins by slowly and certainly excluding everything that distracts attention, and gradually closes all avenues of escape until both actors and spectators are isolated in a world remade by the temperament, the passion, the sin which are bearing fruit in the disintegration or reformation of a human soul. The daughter of Rappaccini becomes as deadly as the flowers in her father's garden, and there is not a flower among them which is not exhaling its poison from the minute the spectator sets foot within the fateful place.

The isolation of Hawthorne's life seems, in the light of his work, of a piece with his segregation of the world of his phantasy from the world of reality. The most devoted and chivalrous of lovers to the very end of his life, the most companionable and fascinating of fathers, a loyal friend to the few who possessed his heart and broke through his reserve by sheer force of affection, he was, perhaps, the most detached man of a generation in which men were dominated by the passion for causes, and by zeal for the betterment of their fellows. He had political convictions, and was not only a party man, but an office-holder; but no turn of his party's fortunes ever really touched him, and the absorbing movements of his time awoke no response in his heart. He loved a little group with beautiful tenderness; the rest of mankind he studied. There was a vein of something rich in his imagination, but in his moments of freest expression his style never passed certain limits of reserve, never quite realized the splendor which seemed at times on the very point of spreading the hue of moving passion over his closely packed and subtly phrased sentences. The reticence of his nature was so instinctive, and became so much a part of him, that it held his writing back from that last stage of abandon, of unconscious revelation, which other masters of style reach in their happiest moments. One cannot escape the feeling that the acute New England self-consciousness laid its spell on Hawthorne, as on all the other writers of his section, and that he

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was never quite free from the haunting fear that he should reveal more than he intended; which is precisely what the greatest writers do, in those brief but glorious hours when they are transported out of themselves and lifted above themselves.

There is not only a touch of pallor on Hawthorne's work, but there is, at times, a suggestion of rusticity in his style; as if he had not quite gained the freedom of his craft. It is here that the provincialism of his early surroundings left its trace; in spite of the rare beauty and distinction of his diction, there appear in it from time to time traces of a world of high interests but of narrow artistic associations. The construction of the sentences is, as a rule, not only sound, but full of that kind of felicity which lies within the reach of the man of artistic genius only; but there are also traces of rigidity, the marks of his solitude and detachment and of his isolation from the vital currents of artistic feeling and habit. His style has at times the richness of texture of tapestry or of a rare brocade, but its lines are not always flowing, its folds not always free and perfectly expressive of that which they clothe. Great beauty he certainly has, but radiance was denied him.

One feels in him a curious absence of that element of youth which is the characteristic of all other American writers of his rank except Poe. The gift of youth seems to have been denied both these men of sensitive genius; in a world so new that all fortune seemed within the reach of audacity and energy, there was a touch of Old World tragedy on these children of a young civilization. From neither was the essential pathos of life hidden; neither was diverted or imposed upon by the brave new trappings, the novel and stimulating surroundings, of the old races on the new continent. Both seemed to look through the glamour of immense material possessions to the ancient soul of man, always facing the same fate, always under the shadow of the same failures, calamities, sins; and both sought in art to escape from the hardness and materialism of an immature civilization.

To Hawthorne, however, was given one resource which was denied to Poe: the resource of humor. His humor was not contagious like Irving's; it had none of the racy tang of the soil, like Lowell's; it was not quick-footed like Holmes's, in whose work it is continually losing its pervasiveness and gaining the concentration of wit. In Hawthorne, humor takes the form of a gentle brooding over the foibles and weaknesses of men; often sombre,

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rarely saturnine; gaining a certain effectiveness from its lack of gayety. There is no overflow of buoyant spirits, no flooding of the inlets and recesses of thought and experience with the full, deep movement of a rich, powerful nature, charged with vitality and abounding in health; there is, rather, a quiet meditative contrast between the externalities and the realities of man's fortunes in this world; the play of a keenly observant, detached and reflective mind over the surface of life. Hawthorne's humor is full of thought; it never carries him out of himself; it never loses the sense of proportion and relation; it is keen, penetrating, searching, full of intelligence. It is so dispassionate and impersonal that it seems at times slightly touched with malice.

The chapter on "The Custom-House," which serves as a preface to "The Scarlet Letter," is an example of the cool, deliberate play of his humor; of its keen and, at times, caustic quality. It is probable that he was not wholly aware of the keenness of his pen, and that the local storm which broke about him when that report of a provincial town appeared, was like a bolt out of a clear sky. If his humor shows at times a sharp edge it does not provoke laughter, any more than his pathos brings tears.

His genius was extraordinarily sensitive, but it was not lacking in virility and energy. Isolation brought out the lines of his individuality, and not only compelled him to use the material which was most vitally related to his imagination, and therefore most completely possessed by it, but to create his own methods and form his own style. He shows almost no trace of the influence of other writers; in art, as in life, he stood aloof from his time. The vitality of his genius is shown by the fulness of its expression under such adverse conditions; his distinction is heightened by the fact that it was not gained by free intercourse with the masters of his craft. His art is the more wonderful because he was so entirely self-instructed. He is our foremost man of letters by virtue of a distinction which, though self-achieved, is of the finest and highest. He is the most perfect artist in our literature, not only by reason of the temperament, insight, sense of form and resource of expression which he put into his work, but because his rare and beautiful achievements were made in air so chilling to such aims as his, and in an age in which he was an alien by the very quality of his genius.

HAMILTON WRIGHT MABIE.

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THE ENGLISH IN TIBET: A RUSSIAN VIEW.

BY PRINCE ESPER OUKHTOMSKY.

WE Russians are late! The English are ready to stretch forth the hand of power to the realm of the Dalai-Lama. At the present moment, there can be no doubt that the Calcutta authorities will soon have entered into close relations with the majority of Trans-Himalayan rulers, will open for themselves a free trade route to Lhasa, and beyond to interior China, and will forthwith change the entire character of Central-Asian politics. As a rule, Russians are completely ignorant of this region; and the Russian press gives voice to the most astonishing opinions regarding Tibet in general, the Dalai-Lama and such subjects; and, in consequence, somewhat confused and cloudy views have been entertained in Russia regarding the true position of things in the centres of the Lamaist East, not the least singular of these being the baseless illusion that the Russians are there playing the rôle of pioneers of civilization, and that new, easily gained and brilliant results await them there.

Unfortunately, this is far from being the case, and every one who is familiar with the historic process by which Western travellers have become acquainted with Tibet, must confess that the knowledge possessed by Russians and the vagueness of their aims seem rather pitiful by comparison. Among the subjects of the Russian Empire there have been included for more than two centuries several hundred thousand Lamaists, spiritually united to the millions of their co-religionists within the bounds of the Chinese Empire, and yet Russians have long entirely ignored the results obtained by European explorations of Tibet.

As early as 1816, the English planted their Resident in Khatmandu, the capital of Nepal. The Orientalist, Bryan Hodgson, gained undying glory by his observations of commercial condi-

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tions in Central Asia, and his study of local life and religion through intercourse with the natives; he was the first to discover among the Himalayans the literary monuments of Buddhism in the Sanskrit language, copies of which he supplied to the learned societies of London and Paris. Entering into correspondence with the Dalai-Lama, the English Resident received from him the books and papers left by a former Capuchin Mission, as well as a full collection of the most sacred Tibetan writings.

Wishing to gain a firm foothold near the religious centres of Tibet, the British Government, shortly after 1830, decided to build an important outpost at Darjeeling, in the territory of the weak Sikkim Raja, which was considered to be only a few days' journey from Teshu-Lumpo. In 1835 this place was ceded to the English, who undertook to pay a certain fixed amount yearly for it. Dr. Campbell was instructed to take measures for the development of Darjeeling. From 1840 to 1862 he watched over this district, which was important from a sanitary, commercial and political point of view alike. A variegated population streamed thither from the hills; thousands of people settled there. Tea gardens were planted; a market for the Trans-Himalayan tribes was opened. The English had already gained control of the people of Sikkim at a favorable juncture, and had bought them over to their interests. The importance of Darjeeling was immensely increased when the railroad uniting it with Calcutta was built. Little by little, the Europeans became acquainted with the character of the borderland between India and Tibet. Engineers made and maintained a good road to the mountains, and noted the Jelap-la Pass, which leads to the Chumba Valley, as the most convenient road. By a treaty with the Raja, the Calcutta Government has the right to expel from Sikkim all disaffected inhabitants. The native prince has already visited Darjeeling to become acquainted with European habits.

Every day the walls of conservatism and the artificial barrier of exclusion were undermined and became ready to fall. The Tibetans were undecided, awaiting the future with uncertainty, not unwilling to be rid of the Chinese, and at the same time regarding the decisive action of the English with the utmost apprehension. Some of them, especially the Lamas, visited Calcutta, which is only a day's journey from Darjeeling, the fare by rail being only seven rupees (about two dollars). Caravans of

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merchants passing through Tibet from Nepal scatter as many Indian newspapers as possible. As the populace is pre-eminently commercial, the subjects of the Dalai-Lama and Banchen-Bogdo are greatly disposed to favor the further extension of commercial relations. The Chinese are no longer able to sell their products in Tibet, because the natives themselves go west for them, finding this much more profitable. Every autumn more than a thousand Tibetans visit Calcutta for this purpose, and stay there for weeks at a time. The road from India to Lhasa through Nepal is twice as long and twice as difficult as the way over the Jelap-la Pass. From Sikkim caravans take a week to reach Teshu-Lumpo and arrive thence at the capital in an even shorter time.

The English, owing to the considerable import duties imposed by Russia, no longer find as good a market as before for Indian teas in western Turkestan. Russian merchandise competes quite successfully with British goods in Kashgar. Investigations carried on by Carey regarding the possibility of sending goods from India to the localities to the east of Yarkand, met with a negative result. The deserts there are so inhospitable that no cultivation is practicable. There remains the best and shortest road through the Chumba Valley from Darjeeling. Trade by that route is already of some importance and promises to grow to considerable proportions. It is not for nothing that in Teshu-Lumpo and Lhasa are gathered so many threads uniting the Lamaists of Russia, Mongolia and the mountain regions with their chief religious centres. The most indispensable and expensive import from China is brick tea. It costs so much that, although it is used in great quantities, it is out of the reach of the common people. This exactly suits the English. The planters of Assam and Darjeeling think that, by saving up the leavings and fragments of their tea, they can provide exactly what the Tibetans require and at a low price, which at once undersells the Chinese product and makes it possible for all the natives to secure the favorite delicacy of Central Asia. There is also a great demand for Indian rice, which will likewise be much cheaper than Chinese, for tobacco, for the most varied European productions and for precious stones. Tibet in its turn pays with its natural treasures, gold, silver and other metals, of which there is still an abundance in the country; rock-salt, pure musk, very cheap cattle and extremely valuable wool, medicinal herbs and so forth. As soon as relations are estab-

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lished, the natives and the English will rapidly understand in what ways they can be profitable and agreeable to each other. Ultimately, of course, the newcomers from the West, from being friends on an equal footing will turn into masters, and with iron will compel acquiescence to their every wish.

The British Government is not advancing into Tibet alone. The British missionaries are acting in perfect accord with it. While Russia does not accomplish what might be wished, even in the outlying parts where Russian blood is mixed with the native races, the West has sent its pioneers of Christian culture into the heart of Asia. The Moravian Brothers who formerly lived in Tsaritzin seeking to convert the Kalmucks, and whom the Russians expelled, have found a warm welcome in India, settling in the Himalayas; they have not only penetrated Lamaism, but have perfectly mastered the Tibetan language. The Calcutta Government has taken advantage of this to publish an excellent dictionary and grammar, compiled by Jaeschke, one of the missionaries. The Holy Scriptures in the Mongolian language are likewise distributed by the English amongst the nomads. The natives who are free from fanaticism willingly buy them. Not long ago, a zealous worker along these lines, Gilmore by name, traversed the Buddhist steppe to the region beyond Lake Baikal, to build a monument to certain English missionaries who had worked for thirty years amongst the Buriats. The Belgian propagandists are allowed to attempt to establish the influence of the Vatican in Mongolia. Catholic missionaries are directing their efforts towards Tibet from two sides, and have already had martyrs in this sufficiently thankless task. They come first from the eastern frontier, through China, and secondly from Sikkim.

In the wilderness, the Catholic missionaries work exactly as did the ever-memorable apostle of Siberia, the Metropolitan Innocent: they occupy themselves with the civilization of the natives, bring the surrounding regions into a flourishing condition and enter into friendly relations with the pagans. Understanding that Buddhism is a religion of the thoughtful, not of the ignorant, and consequently contains absolutely no democratic elements, the preachers from the West buy slaves, gather round them the downtrodden and educate children. From the moment when the pagans see the principles of the New Testament put into practice (so far as this is possible for fallible mortals), a reverence

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for the pioneers of Christian civilization must grow and increase. Though the missionaries regard Lamaism with certain easily understood prejudices, and have even suffered some persecution, yet they ultimately come to respect the religious toleration of the Buddhist priesthood and the kindness of the simple monks and "twice born," and they have more than once been indebted to their rivals, the Lamas, for assistance.

It is important to notice that England has always come to the help of the missionaries in Tibet. When they have been oppressed, word has found its way to Calcutta through the Nepalese. In Teshu-Lumpo and Lhasa the people are greatly afraid of the natives of Nepal, and are willing to pay dearly to avoid a contest of arms with the terrible Goorkas. The English have long understood this peculiarity, and artfully take advantage of it.

They have sent Hindoos to interior Asia to explore, paying them well for their information. Russia has far larger numbers of people adapted for relations with Tibet, and even now many Buriats live there without breaking their relations with their native land (in Russian Siberia). But Russia has been indifferent to all this. For two centuries our native races have had an opportunity of proving themselves excellent and faithful subjects. Among them are found many, to a large extent Russianized, who are fully qualified and well suited to represent us. Is it not time for Russia at last to take advantage of this circumstance? Is it possible that the first educated Russian traveller will reach Lhasa through Darjeeling, under the protection and by the permission of the English Government?

What is the chief danger of the movement of the English armies to "the land of the Lamas"? The Tibetan monasteries are exceedingly rich, and form real treasure-houses of ancient culture; they contain religious objects of the highest artistic value, and the rarest literary memorials. If the Sepoys reach Teshu-Lumpo and Lhasa, with their fanatical passion for loot, which was so signally exhibited in the recent Boxer campaign, it is beyond all doubt that the most precious treasures on the altars and in the libraries of the Lamas will be in danger. It is impossible even to tell approximately how great an injury may thus be caused to Orientalism, how the solution of many scientific problems may be put off, problems which are closely bound up with the gradual revelation of the secrets of Tibet. The vandalism which was a

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disgrace to our age, when Pekin was recently ransacked and looted, will pale before what the English will probably do by the hands of their dusky mercenaries. The temptation will be too great. Only zealous students of this particular department of knowledge could save everything which is rare and worthy of special attention.

Therefore, we face the critical moment, when the best monuments, the last fragments, of ancient Buddhist creative genius are in danger of falling into the gulf of oblivion. What even the hordes of Genghis Khan guarded and reverently preserved will be trampled under foot by the invading "*Pax Britannica.*" Russia has been too late, with her obscurely felt inclination to enter into closer relations with the realm of the Dalai-Lama. Russia, which had every reason to be the first in this field, thanks to its Buddhist Buriats and Kalmucks, thanks to its students of Mongolia and its Central-Asian travellers; Russia, which possesses such well-known students of Buddhism as Oldenburg, such world-famous ethnographists as Clements, will now receive from the hands of strangers the most important facts concerning Tibet, which is bound to Russia by so many ties. But there remains the distant hope that the free spirit of the great Reincarnating Lamas will, under pressure of the political domination of England, sooner or later take a new direction, seeking for itself a fit terrestrial embodiment, and that some fine day we shall see the Dalai-Lama and the Banchen-Bogdo reincarnated within the sphere of Russian influence. England may gain territorial control of the Lamaist world, but to win it spiritually and to bring it closer to them will be given only to those who will not raise a destroying hand against the shrines of Buddhism.

ESPER OUKHTOMSKY.

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WHY WOMEN CANNOT VOTE IN THE UNITED STATES.

BY IDA HUSTED HARPER.

WHY is it that in the United States, the leading republic of the world, the land whose proudest boast is the equal rights of all its citizens, one-half of its citizens are denied all voice in its government? What is the reason that this nation, in which women have more privileges and greater liberty than in any other, refuses them the franchise, which is guarantee and protector of rights? These are the questions continually addressed to American women by those of other countries, who, although not enjoying a tithe of our freedom in general, nevertheless possess some form of suffrage.

The amazing answer must be made that, while most of the monarchies grant to certain classes of women some electoral rights, no republic permits its women citizens to vote. This anomaly exists, however, only because the monarchy loves property more, and not because it despises women less. In other words, it is the property and not the individual that votes, and the fact that it is a woman who pays the taxes or the rent does not deprive the property of its representation. But when men form a republic, they rise to noble heights, and decree, in their lofty virtue, that man and not property shall be represented at the ballot-box, and the reason why woman cannot get there is because she comes under the head of "property."

To a proud-spirited, justice-loving American woman the humiliation of her disfranchisement is too keen to be put into words. It touches with mildew the pride she feels in the many splendid institutions of her country, and it flavors with bitterness the joy she experiences in her ever-increasing opportunities and independence. A Government founded upon individual representa-

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tion, and yet refusing this absolutely to one-half the people, presents a satire at which the whole world must smile in scorn. This action is still more surprising when one considers that this excluded half possesses the very qualities in which the present electorate is sadly deficient, and for the need of which the country sorely suffers. The mystery deepens still more when one observes that to these rejected members of the body politic are given the highest educational advantages at the expense of the state, admission to all avenues of business, and extensive legal and civil rights. In other words, they are carefully prepared for the highest citizenship, and then forbidden to participate in affairs of state. Paradox of paradoxes!

The solution of this strange problem may be discovered in two words—Constitutional Law! There are forty-two strong reasons why women cannot vote in the United States. The first and greatest lies in the National Constitution, the other forty-one are found in the Constitutions of the different States. In these revered documents one little word of four letters, "male," is all that stands between 15,000,000 women and the suffrage.

Our forefathers came to American shores for the especial purpose of securing religious liberty, but their first move in establishing their local government was to provide that no one should have any voice in it who was not a member of the church, and no one could be a member of the church whose conduct and religious belief did not agree exactly with those of the Puritan Fathers. As the years passed by, the religious test was relaxed sufficiently to admit into the voting body certain members of the community known as "free men," through permission of those who already formed this electorate, but a property qualification was imposed which still barred out the vast majority of men. At the time when our present National Constitution was adopted, it is estimated that in Massachusetts not four per cent., and in Connecticut not two per cent., of the male inhabitants were qualified to vote. Thus carefully guarded was the governing power.

After the War of the Revolution had freed the colonies from the control of Great Britain, it soon became evident that some stronger compact of federal union was necessary than the Articles of Confederation which had been at first adopted. The result of four years of careful thought and effort on the part of the great leaders in this new government was our present Constitution. So

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perfectly adapted was this remarkable document to the needs of a republic that, in one hundred years, the only changes found necessary were those embodied in the three amendments adopted after the Civil War had greatly changed the character of the Government.

In studying the early history of the attempt at a republican form of government, one must be impressed by the extreme jealousy felt by the different States lest the centralized power which it was proposed to vest in a Congress should take away from them some of their own cherished sovereignty. Therefore the framers of the Constitution had to recognize at every point this unyielding principle of State's Rights, and exercise the greatest care that nothing in the American Magna Charta should infringe upon its jurisdiction. Thomas Jefferson, author of the Declaration of Independence, and in a large measure of this National Constitution, said of the latter in 1816:

> "The infancy of the subject at that moment, and our inexperience of self-government, caused gross departures in that draft from genuine republican canons. In truth, the abuses of monarchy had so much filled all the space of political contemplation that we imagined everything republican which was not monarchy."

The one point on which the States insisted most strenuously was the right to fix the qualifications for the suffrage, thus showing conclusively that they regarded it as the source of power. In response to this demand, the Constitution left this right absolutely to the States. The States, thus left unhampered, formed their own Constitutions. Some of these made the owning of property necessary for a vote; others provided an educational test; most of them required the voter to be white; and all, with one exception (New Jersey), declared that only male citizens should have the franchise. In order to rivet its Constitution still more firmly, each State provided that to alter it in the smallest particular the Legislature must submit the question to the voters and a majority of them must consent to it. In three decades the spirit of democracy had grown so strong that the property qualification was practically abolished, and by 1820 the great body of wage-earners were admitted to the electorate. As new States came into the Union with a sparse population and anxious for a large number of voters, they omitted from their Constitutions both the property

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and the educational requirements, and in the few States where these now exist they are so slight as to be easily met.

At the close of the Civil War, the Republican party, which was in almost complete control of the country, decided that the great body of negro men who had been freed from slavery must have the franchise, partly as a means of protection for themselves, and partly because they could be depended on to vote solidly the Republican ticket. To accomplish this the Legislature of one State after another submitted to the voters an amendment to its Constitution to strike out the word "white" from the suffrage clause, but it was defeated in every instance. So strong, however, was the determination that the Congress of the United States decided to amend the National Constitution for the purpose. This could be done by a majority of two-thirds of the members submitting the amendment to a vote of the various State Legislatures. After two years, the requisite three-fourths majority of these were secured, and the Fourteenth Amendment was declared adopted in 1868. This did not prove sufficient to secure the ballot for the negro man, and the next year the Congress submitted the more drastic Fifteenth Amendment to the Legislatures, and it was declared adopted in 1870.

Thus the religious, the property, the educational and the color qualifications have been swept away; but, in the Constitutions of all the States except four, the word "male" still remains in the suffrage clause, absolutely prohibiting to all women a voice in the government. Such is the situation to-day in a country which poses before the world as the greatest and most perfect republic that ever existed; which exults over all the nations of the earth as the only land of equal rights; which declares that its foundation, its corner-stone, the keystone of its arch, is individual representation! The irony of it! The injustice, the tyranny, the disgrace of it! In no monarchy is there such arbitrary discrimination against one-half the people. There is not another country having an elected representative body, where this body itself may not extend the suffrage. Australia, by an Act of its Parliament, enfranchised 850,000 women. The Parliament of New Zealand, by a single Act, conferred the suffrage on 150,000. The Parliament of Great Britain has absolute power to grant the franchise to its millions of women. This is true of all the legislative bodies on the Continent of Europe. But the Government of the United

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States, in its overpowering desire to vest all authority in the people themselves, has placed one half of the people in complete and helpless subjection to the other half.

It is not surprising that, at the inception of this republic, women were ignored. Their life in those early days was purely domestic, and household duties were so numerous and complicated as to leave neither time nor strength for outside interests. They received only the rudiments of education; they never had attempted organization for any purpose; they had no part in the industrial life of the nation beyond the home; and married women could not hold property or transact business. Therefore, it was but natural, in this experiment of a government by the people, when there was widespread distrust even as to the wisdom and stability of man suffrage, that the untried and unknown element represented by women should have been wholly disregarded. But a century and a quarter have passed since the courageous attempt at a representative government, and in its unprecedented development and progress women have kept even pace. Their status has been revolutionized, until, educationally, legally and industrially, it approximates that of men. The high-schools educate boys and girls together with no discriminations, and in 1902 the girls in attendance formed over 57½ per cent. of the whole number; while in every State the girl graduates far exceeded the boys, the total figures being 23,786 boys, 42,476 girls. In the public schools, there are nearly three times as many women as men teachers. In 1902, there were in the high, normal and advanced manual-training schools 347,109 male, 463,121 female students. There are at present over 32,000 women enrolled in the universities, colleges and professional schools (omitting nurses' and business schools); and at least three-fourths of these are in coeducational institutions, being educated along precisely the same lines as men. Excluding Catholic institutions, over eighty per cent. of the universities and colleges are coeducational. From 1890 to 1900, their percentage of increase stood—men, 78 per cent., women, 105.4. In 1902, women formed one-third of the whole number of college students, and they received nearly one-half of all the degrees which were conferred during the year. These brief statistics indicate the present educational position of women in the United States.

A glance at the laws will show that the invidious distinctions of

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early days have been very largely eradicated. In three-fourths of the States, a married woman now may own and control her separate property, and in all of them she may dispose of it by will, the same as a married man. In two-thirds of them, her earnings are absolutely under her own control. In almost all of them, she may make contracts and bring suit in the courts. The old laws of inheritance have been so changed that in very few States is a widow left in the helpless condition of former days. Nine of them give to the mother equal guardianship and control of the children. The sentiment of judges and juries is so strongly in favor of women, that attorneys for men who are plaintiffs or defendants against women in civil or criminal cases declare they cannot get justice for their clients. To say that the laws are in all respects as fair to women as to men would be too sweeping, but it may be justly claimed that they are more nearly so in the United States than in any other country.

A few States prohibit women from mining, a few from selling intoxicating liquors, a few from practising law, but the statement may be made that, in general, no occupation is forbidden to them. Thousands of women are physicians, ministers, lawyers, university professors, dentists and pharmacists—431,153 in the professions according to the census of 1900. They are presidents of banks and various corporations, at the head of large manufactories, owners and managers of immense ranches, editors of influential magazines and newspapers, presidents of colleges—everywhere engaged in business of all kinds with the full approval of law and public sentiment. It has been estimated that one-tenth of our many millionaires are women. They pay taxes on billions of dollars' worth of property. There are many villages and small cities where one-third of the taxpayers are women. The benefactions of women for educational, religious and charitable purposes amount to millions. Philanthropic and reform work has very largely passed into their hands. They constitute three-fourths of the church membership; and without their service and devotion the various denominations could not exist. The organizations of women have reached almost inconceivable proportions. Over one hundred of these are national in their scope, and they have a membership of not less than 4,000,000. The transference of the principal part of the home industries to the factory has given women a leisure unknown to their foremothers, and left them

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free to direct their energies into new channels. To describe adequately their influence on social and personal life would be a difficult undertaking, for it is everywhere supreme.

No other nation on the globe has accorded to women such opportunities, such liberty and such independence as they enjoy in the United States. How utterly incomprehensible to other countries, therefore, must seem their despotic exclusion from all direct part in the affairs of government. The explanation has been given; it lies in the one stubborn fact that, at every move in this direction, American women strike that Rock of Gibraltar—the Constitution! If they had only to carry their case to the Congress, they might hope eventually to secure justice from that body and obtain their enfranchisement, but Congress has power merely to submit to the State Legislatures a proposed amendment to the National Constitution. For thirty-five years, the ablest women in the nation, headed by those great pioneers, Elizabeth Cady Stanton and Susan B. Anthony, and supported by hundreds of thousands of petitions, have gone before Congressional Committees with arguments that never have been excelled by members of House or Senate, asking only that the question might be sent to the State Legislatures for settlement. And yet, never but once in all these years has the subject even been permitted to come up on the floor of Congress for debate. An almost universal sentiment exists against making another amendment to the National Constitution. Therefore, the Congress shifts the responsibility and sends the petitioners to the States.

When the women turn to the States, what do they discover? Still another impregnable fortress, "The Constitution." Not one State Legislature has authority to confer the suffrage. All it can do is to submit the question to the voters. Having exhausted every expedient, where do the women find themselves at last? Face to face with such an electorate as does not exist anywhere else in the world. American women, descendants of Revolutionary ancestors who died to create this Government, must beg for the right to represent themselves from thousands of negroes, but one generation removed from slavery; from thousands of immigrants fresh from the slums of the Old World, many of them only six months in the United States and unable to speak a word of English; from thousands of the ignorant, drunken, immoral and criminal men who inhabit the lowest quarters of our own cities;

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from thousands of unprincipled and corrupt political "bosses." These are the electors before whom we must plead our cause in every State, and only by their consent can we have that suffrage through whose possession they have been made our rulers.

If the opposition rested with these classes alone we still might hope for political freedom; but there are forces far stronger than these which are immovably opposed to giving woman any power in government. The two dominating influences in politics to-day are the corporations, or "trusts," and the liquor interest, the latter indeed constituting one of the greatest of "trusts." The Government finds in it an inexhaustible source of revenue. It controls millions of votes. There are few members of the Congress or the State Legislatures who do not owe their election in a greater or less degree to its influence, or whom it could not defeat. No village is so small as not to feel its touch on local affairs. It is grounded in politics, and to it and its collateral branches, the gambling resort and the house of ill repute, woman is believed to be an implacable foe. Therefore, it decrees that she shall not be a political factor. The hand of the great moneyed corporations is on the lever of the party "machines." They can calculate to a nicety how many voters must be bought, how many candidates must be "fixed," how many officials must be owned. The entrance of woman into the field would upset all calculations, add to the expenses if she were corruptible, and spoil the plans if she were not. They will have none of her.

The party "bosses" are unchangeably hostile to women as voters. They can now put up candidates objectionable as to character but sound on the party issues, and force the male electors to vote the straight ticket. They have learned in the few States where women have the suffrage that women will not obey the party whip, and so the word has been passed to other States to bar women out. No dominant political party can see any advantage to itself in the enfranchisement of women, as the Democrats did when they granted the ballot to working-men and the Republicans when they gave it to negro men, and so neither will make it an issue. The aristocracy observe the large families of the laboring classes and fear to give them any more political power. The church, which might reasonably expect increased influence in public affairs through the enfranchisement of women, is not sure that it would be in accordance with the divine will. A very con-

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siderable opposition is found also among those who are growing sceptical as to the value of a democracy, who are in despair at the mass of conglomerate elements which now make up the electorate, and believe there should be a limit instead of an increase. A most peculiar obstacle is found, too, in the apathy of women themselves, and this, paradoxical as it may seem, is partly because so much has been gained for them already. They have now so many rights, they enjoy so great a degree of freedom and they are so absorbed in their various pursuits that they do not make the investigation necessary to show the larger advantages to themselves and to the community which would result from their possession of the suffrage. But their indifference is seized upon by the men of their acquaintance as a pretext for withholding their own support from the measure.

Such, in the barest outline, is the situation which has confronted the advocates of woman suffrage in the fifteen trials they have made to amend the State Constitutions through the votes of the electors. Again we ask, "Is it strange that the women of the United States cannot get the franchise?" Could they have obtained any one of the privileges they now enjoy if it had been necessary to secure the consent of a majority of the men in each State, white and black, native and foreign, educated and ignorant, good and bad; or if the moneyed or political organizations had believed it would be detrimental to their interests? But all that was necessary for every other progressive step was the changing of a statute law by the Legislature, the favorable decision of a board of trustees, the willingness of an employer to make an experiment; while by far the greatest number of innovations were made possible by a general spirit of independence and personal freedom and a constantly progressing public sentiment. It is only when women ask for a voice in the government that they come into contact with the impassable wall of Constitutional Law.

Is the situation, then, hopeless; and must the women of this republic forever remain disfranchised and politically discredited? Not by any means. Though opposed by such obstacles as never have been placed in the way of any other class of citizens, the leaders of the movement to obtain the suffrage for women have not a doubt of its ultimate success, and they have strong reasons for the faith that is in them. When equal rights for women, of which the franchise was only one, were first demanded a little

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over half a century ago, the demands were met with hostility and derision; and yet those who made them lived to see every one conceded except that for the suffrage; and this they saw granted in full in four States by mandate of the voters, and in part in twenty-six others by legislative enactment, which may confer a local and limited franchise. Wyoming had woman suffrage for twenty-one years as a Territory, and no power was strong enough to keep it out of the Constitution for Statehood when it was formed in 1890. Utah, after seventeen years' experience of it, placed it in the Statehood Constitution in 1895 by a majority of 26,000 in a vote of a little over 31,000. Colorado rejected a woman-suffrage amendment in 1877, but by 1893 there had been a change of public sentiment sufficient to carry it by a majority of 6,347. In Idaho, in 1896, all political parties united in endorsing an amendment, which was adopted by a majority of 5,844 in a vote of 18,408. Five States have twice submitted a woman-suffrage amendment. In Colorado it was carried the second time; in Kansas the percentage of opposition was greatly lessened; in Oregon the affirmative vote was increased from 11,223 to 26,265, and the measure was lost by only 2,137. In South Dakota, in 1890, the amendment received an affirmative of thirty-five per cent. of the whole vote cast upon it, and in 1898 it received forty-seven per cent. The first vote was taken in Washington in 1889, and in 1898 the opposing majority had been reduced about one-half.

These figures justify the belief that the question can be carried in all these States the next time it is submitted. They also offer mathematical proof of the favorable change which is taking place in public opinion. The general attitude toward the movement has advanced from one of ridicule to one of respect, and even the politicians avoid the question rather than fight it. The ancient and stereotyped objections are seldom heard. The chairman of the National Suffrage Press Bureau last year secured the publication of about 75,000 favorable articles, simply by sending them to the newspapers. The membership of the National Association has doubled within a few years, and its receipts have increased from $2,000 to $20,000 a year, with a reserve fund at present in the treasury of $28,000. The large organizations of women, almost without exception, are engaged in various kinds of civic work which inevitably carry them to the City Councils and State Legislatures for necessary assistance, and there they learn the

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bitter lesson that the members of these bodies recognize no obligations except to their constituents, those who put them in office and can put them out. This experience is constantly transforming women into ardent advocates of suffrage.

There is among men a growing sentiment of justice toward women, who are bravely bearing their share of the burdens of citizenship, paying their full proportion of taxes, striving earnestly to better conditions, taking an interest in public questions, engaging in all kinds of business, in every way proving themselves valuable factors in the community. Men are beginning to realize the gross injustice of denying such women a voice in municipal and State affairs, in the election of those who make and administer the laws and who are largely responsible for the welfare of the people. This feeling is becoming especially strong among the men of the wage-earning classes. The women of their families have been sent by economic conditions into a field of labor outside the home, and there, denied the political influence which is the protection of the working-men, they are at an immense disadvantage, and so of late years the great labor organizations are demanding the ballot for women.

Thoughtful and patriotic men in all parts of the country, who, because of the discouraging political conditions which everywhere exist, have had their belief in a democratic government shaken, are struggling into a consciousness that the United States is not and never has been a democracy. They are awakening to the fact that into the electorate, which is in reality the Government, have been poured the worst elements — ignorance, intemperance, immorality, dishonesty, crime of every nature; that each addition which has been made to it has contained a larger proportion of these elements than of those which might have purified and elevated it. A true democracy, a genuine republic, must be founded upon a representation of the whole people. If, during all these years, one-half of the men and one-half of the women had participated in national affairs, we might then have approximated an example of representative government; but, having admitted only men and excluded women, with all that women stand for in morality, temperance, religion, conscientiousness, love of home, spirituality and exalted ideals, we are utterly without data upon which to base conclusions. The real republic, therefore, is still in the future; the experiment is yet to be made.

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To sum up the situation: We have in the United States a Government based on universal male suffrage. At every election, all the material interests are fully represented, but the vast proportion of the spiritual influences have no direct expression. The result is a material development unsurpassed in the world's history, and a moral retrogression in public life before which the people stand appalled. The time is not far distant—the murmur of its approach is making itself heard as the national elections draw near—when the honesty and integrity of the nation will rise in protest and revolt. Not since the days of the Civil War has there been a great moral question at stake; all the issues have been material—tariff, currency, foreign policy, extension of territory—all of a character which men felt entirely competent to decide without help from women. But eventually this modern mercenary spirit will reach its limit, and in the reaction, moral issues will arise on whose decision the very future of the Government itself will depend. It is then that the best men of the nation will eagerly welcome the assistance of women, will grasp it, indeed, as the only means of salvation.

These are chief of the reasons why we women of the United States have hope and faith that ultimately we shall receive the right of suffrage which morally belongs to us under a free Government. We know that the day is drawing near when all the influences which have so long prevailed against us, combining their forces, will not be strong enough to overcome that sterling sense of justice and fair play which has secured to us the many rights we now enjoy. And while we must wait, we are striving by every means at our command to prepare ourselves and our countrywomen for a wise and effective use of that authority when it shall come into our possession.

IDA HUSTED HARPER.

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THE LABOR PROBLEM ON THE PANAMA CANAL.

BY BRIGADIER-GENERAL PETER C. HAINS, U.S.A.

It is reversing the usual order of things to discuss the method of executing a great engineering work before all the details of the project are definitely settled. At the same time, where it is practically certain that the project can be forecasted within certain narrow limits, this may be done to advantage. The route of the canal is fixed by law, and the work already done by the Panama Canal Companies must be utilized. The plan, therefore, in a general way, follows as a logical result; the details alone are subject to modification. As the method of constructing will not be affected by minor modifications in the project, discussion of the labor problem will not only be of interest but cannot fail to be of advantage.

The law requires that the canal "shall be of sufficient capacity and depth as shall afford convenient passage for vessels of the largest tonnage and greatest draught now in use and such as may be reasonably anticipated." But who can tell what may be reasonably anticipated? Judging the future by the past, we may anticipate ships to be 1,000 feet long and 100 feet beam inside of 50 years. The Isthmian Canal Commission fixed upon 740 feet for the length of the locks, yet the ink with which the members penned their signatures to its report was scarcely dry before it was reported that the Cunard Line was about to begin the construction of one or more ships that would be too long to go through them.

It is not my present purpose, however, to discuss the plans of the canal. The problem of sanitary control is of most immediate importance, and steps have already been taken looking to its solution. There is one matter connected with it, on which there has been a good deal of thoughtless speculation—that is, in regard

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to the number of laborers to be provided for. We frequently hear it stated that 40,000 to 50,000 laborers will be required on the Isthmus. This seems to be an overestimate.

It is not difficult to estimate approximately the number of laborers that will be required under proper management, and it is assumed that there will be proper management. It would embarrass operations to have a greater number of people there than can find profitable employment. The work of digging the canal is not going to be done by an army of laborers, equipped with spades and shovels, but by machinery, operated on modern methods by steam or electric power. A large number of workmen, skilled and unskilled, will be required even under these conditions; but it is not probable that the number will ever reach anything like 40,000.

Nearly all the excavation between the Atlantic Ocean and the Bohio Dam, a distance of fifteen miles, most of that between Bohio and Bas Obispo, a distance of twelve miles, and nearly all that between Pedro Miguel locks and the Pacific Ocean, a distance of eight miles, will be done with dredges, and comparatively few men will be needed. In other words, of the total 47 miles of the canal, about 35 of it will be excavated chiefly with dredges, requiring but few laborers. The Culebra Cut, located between Bas Obispo and Pedro Miguel, is heavy work and is the feature which will determine the time of completing the canal. It is impossible to employ more than a certain amount of machinery on this Cut to advantage, and that fact will limit the number of employees. The other works, such as the Bohio Dam, the locks and the spillway, need not be hurried, as their early completion would not affect the time of opening the canal to navigation. The work on the Great Cut should be pushed energetically; but, unfortunately, the conditions are such that rapid progress cannot be made there.

The Chicago Drainage Canal is 34 miles long, while the Panama Canal is 47. The maximum number of employees on the former at any one time was about 8,000. It is not probable that the ratio of number of employees to length of canal at Panama will ever exceed that at Chicago. It is more probable that it will be less, because of the proportionately larger amount of work that can be done with dredges. The Canal Company has now about 700 men, who remove less than 700,000 cubic yards a year, but their appliances are not well adapted to the work. The Isthmian Canal Commission called attention to this fact, and, in estimating

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the value of plant, attached no value whatever to that now in use there, because it is out of date. It will be better to throw the present plant away and procure new machinery. With modern appliances and the same number of men, the output ought to be more than doubled. At the present time, the output amounts to less than four cubic yards per day per man—a small amount, considering the character of the material and the part of the cut from which it is taken. With good machinery, there ought to be no difficulty in excavating ten cubic yards per day per man. At that rate, the employment of 2,000 men on the Culebra Cut would effect an output of about 6,000,000 cubic yards per year, which would complete the cut in about seven years. It is not probable, therefore, that more than 3,000 men will be employed at any one time on the Great Cut.

The greatest number ever employed at any one time on the Poe Lock at Sault Sainte Marie, the largest lock ever built, was about 760, and that was only for a short period in 1893, when the masonry work was being pushed with the greatest energy. The average number of men employed on it during the seven years consumed in its construction, was not more than about 300. During the two years 1892 and 1893, when the greatest number were employed, the average for the working months, from May to December, inclusive, was only about 500 men. If we allow double that number on the locks at Bohio, Pedro Miguel and Miraflores, we would only have 3,000 men on lock construction; and, allowing 1,000 on dredging, 1,000 on the Bohio Dam, 1,000 on Alhajuela Dam, 1,000 on Gigantic Spillway and 1,000 for other work, we would have a total of 8,000. If this be increased by twenty-five per cent., the total number would be only 10,000. This would seem to be a liberal estimate.

Next to the determination of plans for the canal, the most important question is the method of doing the work and of securing labor. Should the work be done by contract, or should it be done by day's labor? If by contract, should it be let to a single firm or syndicate that could command sufficient capital to carry it through, or should it be let in a number of smaller contracts? These are questions of great importance, which have thus far received but scant consideration. Moreover, there is room for a wide divergence of opinion among engineers. Each method has its advantages and disadvantages.

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There are some advantages in letting the work to a single firm or syndicate, rather than to a number of firms. That course would enable the Government to determine immediately just what the work ought to cost. The estimates heretofore made are approximate only, and actual cost will vary from these figures sometimes one way and sometimes the other. But, after a contract is made for the entire work, the cost will be definitely fixed.

To let the work to a single firm or syndicate would relieve the Commission of an immense amount of labor, at least it would seem so; but it is not easy to draw specifications for a great work like this, with so many possibilities of error, without greatly enhancing the cost. There are always matters connected with a large engineering work that are overlooked, and others that it may not be possible to specify with accuracy at the outset. Things crop up during the course of the work which could not be foreseen. It is possible to insert a blanket clause that will cover all such contingencies, but to do so would neither be fair to the contractor nor just to the United States, for it would throw all the risk of errors of judgment on the contractor, and a contractor cannot afford to take such risk without charging for it. If the contractor takes the risk, he must put up his price. If the Government takes the risk, it must take the chances for controversies and claims.

The old De Lesseps Company tried the contract plan, but it failed to give satisfaction. The prices were all high. If an engineer refused to accept work because he believed it did not come up to the specifications, the matter was referred to Paris and he was overruled. Similar results, to some extent, would follow under American management; conflicts of opinion between engineers and contractors are inevitable. If the engineer be overruled, as he often will be, and sometimes ought to be, he, as well as other engineers, will become timid, unwisely yielding to the contractor's claims. This will happen even when both the contractor and engineer are honest; if either or both are dishonest, a worse condition follows.

The more powerful the contractor, the greater the difficulty of enforcing a strict compliance with specifications. Contractors, as a rule, are not dishonest. There are contractors who would rather lose all than claim a single dishonest dollar, but they are human and self-interest distorts the vision in spite of all efforts to the contrary.

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It is, therefore, better that the contractor be not too powerful. In other words, it would be better to let the work to a number of smaller contractors. If the work were located in the United States, this method would undoubtedly be chosen. Such was the method employed on the Chicago Drainage Canal, and it is the method usually adopted on enterprises involving many different kinds of work.

The letting of the work to a single firm will naturally tend to increase the cost. The construction of the canal calls for many classes of work requiring men especially skilled in each; so that, if a single firm had the contract, it would sublet these special classes. The subcontractor and the principal would each expect a profit, with the result that the Government would pay a profit to both.

Under either system of contracts, it will be difficult to maintain proper sanitary control. Contractors will go to the Isthmus to make money. They will procure the cheapest labor obtainable, without regard to other considerations. Every contractor who goes to the Isthmus will find it necessary to complete his work and get out as quickly as possible. The Panama Isthmus is not a health resort, and it will not become one after complete sanitary control is established.

It may be said that there is no reason why the Government should not enforce regulations to preserve the health of the community within the ten-mile zone, just as is done within the United States. That is true. But the conditions are different. Panama and Colon are not included in the zone that comes under the complete control of the United States; and, though the treaty gives the United States power to establish sanitary conditions in these cities, still the fact remains that they are Spanish-American cities with all that it implies. A heterogeneous crowd such as will be drawn to the Isthmus will be difficult to manage. They will bring with them the habits, the prejudices and the diseases peculiar to their native lands. Along with them will come a multitude of parasites of the lowest classes.

In view of the peculiar and unusual conditions at Panama, the best method for the Government to pursue is, to employ its own labor and purchase the machinery by contract. Many advantages would result from following this plan; the control of the Government over the labor and sanitary problems would be absolute,

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while there would be no danger of contractor's claims being made at the termination of the work.

Perhaps it will be claimed that work done by labor employed by the Government costs more than similar work done by contract. This is sometimes the case, but not always. Much depends on the individual characteristics of the person directing the work, whether he be an employee of the contractor or of the Government. If he be an employee of a contractor and fails to conduct the work efficiently and economically, he loses his job; if he be an employee of the Government, he may be retained in service and sent elsewhere. But there ought to be no difficulty in the Government's securing the services of men who can direct work efficiently and economically; work is often done by the Government far more efficiently and economically by day's labor than by contract. The work on the canal is a new one. It will require new tools and new machinery. Contractors would have no advantage over the Government in securing good machinery. Could he secure labor at lower rates than the Government? It is believed that the reverse is true; that the United States can secure labor on the Isthmus at lower rates than any contractor or set of contractors. The cost of labor on the Isthmus within the last few years has been low; previously under the old Company it was high. But the work done by the New Company has been largely for the purpose of keeping the concession alive and determining the character of the problems to be solved.

The lowest estimate of the time required to complete the canal is about eight years; but bad management, a war between the United States and some naval Power, an epidemic of yellow fever, a temporary change in the sentiment of the people of the United States toward the project, would cause delay that might postpone completion for years. Under such circumstances, a contractor might have a valid claim against the Government, the amount of which cannot be estimated. If the work be done by the Government, some loss and delay might ensue, but the loss would be of such a nature that only Government interests would suffer and the delay would cause no special embarrassment.

Captain F. A. Abbott, of the Corps of Engineers, U. S. A., in his Annual Report for 1896, made the following statement in regard to the work on the improvement of the Santee River:

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"The total excavations on both canals up to June 30, 1892, amounted to 221,450 cubic yards, measured *in situ*, and had been done by contract, except 1,169 cubic yards. Dividing the total expenditures to June 30, 1892, for all purposes, by the above number of cubic yards excavated, shows the average cost of dredging here by contract to have been 51 cents per cubic yard, measured in place. Between June 30, 1892, and September 30, 1892, 26,694 cubic yards were dredged by a hired dredge and the United States employees at a cost of about 24 cents a yard, measured in place. Dredging was then stopped, and work on a new dredge owned by the United States was begun. At the close of June, 1893, this dredge was nearly ready for work. It was a powerful dredge of the Osgood pattern, with main engines 12 inches in diameter and 18 inches stroke. The new dredge began work on the canal November 21, and was operated continuously till April 30, 1894, when it was laid up, as the funds were getting low and the old rice-field lands where it was working were excessively sickly. During the five months it excavated 6,075 linear feet of canal, 7 feet deep and 50 feet wide, at a cost of 3.7 cents per cubic yard, measured in place. In this price every expenditure made from the appropriation for any purpose is included. More work was done by the United States with its own labor and dredge in five months than had been accomplished by contract on this improvement in any two years. The cost was $4,000, as compared with about $30,000 under the most favorable contract ever obtained here for like work and equal advance of canal. The work was also more thoroughly done."

In the following year, he made this statement:

"The dredge owned and operated by the United States continued dredging, extending the canal 6,500 linear feet, 50 feet wide and 7 feet deep at low water, and cut a turnout aggregating 1,250, making the total excavation 7,750 linear feet, which corresponded with 121,845 cubic yards and 1,102 stumps. . . . The dredging during the year has cost 4.9 cents per cubic yard. The cheapest contract price ever received was 37½ cents per cubic yard, exclusive of superintendence."

The same officer, in his report for 1896, referring to the improvement of Charleston Harbor, stated:

"In 1891, the Government plant, operated by hired labor, and Mr. Friday's plant operated under his contract, worked together, the former on the south and the latter on the north jetty. It was found that the cost that year by hired labor was $1.70 per ton, including office expenses, and superintendence, as compared with $2.20 per ton for exactly the same work by contract, including inspection."

On the work of the Potomac Flats Improvement at Washington, some years ago, bids for embankment work along the margin

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of the fill were invited. The lowest bid received, after public advertisement for proposals, was about 16 cents per cubic yard. The bids were rejected and the same dredges that were to have been used were hired from the lowest bidder at a price that gave him a profit, and enabled the Government to do the work at about one-half the cost it would have been had it been let by contract.

The above are examples showing that Government work does not always cost more than work by contract. On the Santee River, the conditions were similar in some respects to those on the Isthmus. The place was so unhealthy that only negroes could work there, and even they suffered from malaria to some extent.

But were it true that the work would cost a little more if done by day's labor, it is believed that this is the best way to do it. The United States does not stand in the position of a private corporation with reference to this canal. A corporation would build it, as other canals are built, for what could be made out of it, by levying tolls on commerce. Of course, the Government expects a return from its investment; but it will be chiefly in the development of the industries of the country, the advantages it affords for national defence and for the general good of mankind. The motive is as high morally as the work is grand physically. There will be loss of life in carrying out the enterprise, even under the most favorable conditions; but if the work be done by the United States employing its own labor, the loss of life can be kept at a minimum, even though the work cost more money.

One of the objections to the Panama route was, that the scandals connected with it in the early days had so outraged the public conscience, that decent people hesitated to take up an enterprise that had been so tainted with fraud. The fact that the New Panama Canal Company had rescued it from its former pitiable condition did not count for much. Many people were hostile to it just the same. They said, "We want nothing to do with an undertaking so foully smirched." If, however, the work be done by the United States directly by employing its own labor, there ought to be no room for scandals.

This great Government can procure labor and machinery at as low prices as contractors can. It matters not where the labor may come from, whether from Asia, Africa or America. The problem of securing it may be troublesome, but it will not be rendered less so by shifting the responsibility on a contractor.

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Another question is, Where will the labor come from? White labor from the United States, except in the mechanical trades, is out of the question. The number of laborers of any color or kind on the Isthmus is small, and the quality poor. Along the line of the railroad between Colon and Panama, there are settlements composed of people from almost every clime on the face of the earth, but they will furnish few laborers. Perhaps 1,500 or 2,000 Jamaica negroes could be obtained. The native Isthmian will not work. He is naturally indolent; not over strong; has no ambition; his wants are few in number and easily satisfied. He can live for a few cents a day, and he prefers to take it easy, swinging in a hammock and smoking cigarettes. The native population is wholly unavailable.

The Jamaica negro, and under this term are included the negroes of most of the islands under British control, makes a good laborer. He is fairly industrious; not addicted to drink; can speak English; has ambition, though it is chiefly to become an independent British subject; he is willing to work, but he must have an inordinate number of holidays. He is alert in driving a bargain, and possesses many of the traits of our own native down-easter. He is not deficient in intelligence, and he recognizes conditions that are favorable to bargain-making quite as readily as his northern neighbor. When the demand for labor becomes greater than the supply, he will be quick to grasp the situation and make the best of it. He lays great stress on being a British subject, and vehemently claims British protection whenever he thinks his rights are invaded or curtailed. But there is not enough of these negroes on the Isthmus, and it is doubtful whether or not the Islands can supply the deficiency.

The Chinese coolie will stand the climate; he is industrious, not difficult to manage; but he cannot speak English, and, as soon as he gets a few dollars, he wants to keep a store. Will the people of the United States consent to the importation of coolie labor for this work?

Contractors would naturally want to import coolie labor, because it is cheap and the supply is practically inexhaustible. The Panama Canal Company tried coolies and also negroes imported direct from Africa, but neither gave satisfaction. With both classes came diseases which carried off many and rendered others helpless.

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Weighing all the circumstances and viewing all the conditions, it seems that the best solution of the labor problem is to procure the labor in the United States. The Southern negro, just as well as the Jamaica negro, accustomed to the warm climate of our Southern States, it is believed, would furnish an excellent class of labor for work on the Isthmus. He is American born, speaks the language of the men under whom he will serve, is amenable to discipline, is temperate in his habits, is not honeycombed with disease, is intelligent, industrious and ambitious; the money that is paid to him will, as a rule, return to the United States. That he can stand the climate is the firm conviction of many who have sought a practical solution of the labor problem.

As already stated, the work will be done largely by machinery, which will require a considerable number of men skilled in the various mechanical trades. A large number of engine-men, to do work for which the ordinary laborer is not fitted, will be needed. Mechanics will, as a rule, from necessity be white men, but their stay on the Isthmus should not be prolonged. White mechanics and colored laborers from the United States and the West-Indian Islands would seem to offer the best solution of the labor problem on the Isthmus. The army of the United States is composed partly of colored troops. It is the universal testimony of officers that they make excellent soldiers and can stand the heat of the tropics.

The ordinary laborers should be divided into two classes, with a slight difference in pay to encourage individual industry and attention to duty. They should agree to work for two years, unless sooner discharged. They should be quartered in buildings provided by the Government, supplied with good, wholesome food, a certain amount of light cotton working-clothes and medical attendance. At the end of two years' creditable service, they should be entitled to discharge and transportation back to the place at which they were recruited. This would apply whether they came from the United States or from the Islands of the Caribbean Sea. No man should be engaged and sent to the Isthmus who is not physically and mentally sound and fitted for the work, to determine which he should be required to pass an examination no less rigid than that for enlisting men in the army. Similar but less stringent rules should apply to mechanics, clerks, draftsmen, overseers, etc.; but, inasmuch as many of these would be engaged

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for shorter periods of service, special rules would govern in such cases.

The men should be divided into squads, with a master-laborer or master-mechanic at the head of each, according to the class of men that compose it. A master-carpenter, for instance, would have a certain number of carpenters under him, a master-mason a certain number of masons, and so on. Two or more squads of laborers or mechanics would be under an overseer. The overseers, in turn, would be subordinate to the engineers. The latter would be assigned to special works, such as the construction of a dam, lock or a section, and the number of overseers, etc., under him would depend on the extent and character of the work in his charge. All matters pertaining to the pay of the men, except keeping the time, should be attended to by a Pay Department.

A certain number of physicians should be assigned, to see that the hygienic conditions are kept up to the proper standard, and to determine when a man is fit or unfit for work.

The details of the foregoing plan could not, perhaps, be worked out beforehand. Many would be settled according to conditions arising from time to time. The main idea is to secure an organization of laborers and mechanics, working directly under the Government and under the absolute control of the officers for all purposes of work, similar to the organization of an army. Such an organization would be impracticable under the contract system.

The construction of the Panama Canal is the greatest engineering work that has ever yet been undertaken by man. All other canals sink into insignificance beside it. The Suez Canal, which gave De Lesseps an undeserved reputation as an engineer, is nothing more than a ditch cut through a low neck of land connecting the continents of Asia and Africa. There were no special difficulties to be overcome. The quantity of excavation was large, but it seemed larger than it really was, because the tools with which it was done were far below the present standard of efficiency. The fear was that after the light, sandy soil had been excavated and piled up on the sides, the wind might blow it back into the canal faster than it could be taken out. At Panama all kinds of difficult engineering problems are to be met and solved. An engineering organization the most complete and perfect of its kind is therefore essential for the economical and efficient construction of this vast work.

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An organization of mechanics and laborers modelled on the plan thus outlined or on similar principles, will, it is firmly believed, meet the physical requirement of the labor problem at Panama in a less objectionable manner than any other. But something more is needed. This organization will form a body of men capable of performing efficient service only when properly directed. Each particular part of the organization must work in harmony with the other parts, else there will be confusion. The organization must, therefore, have a head with brains, to direct harmonious action. There should be one Chief Engineer having entire charge of all matters relating to construction, and not burdened with outside matters. On this chief the responsibility for the faithful execution of the work should fall. Hence, he should have authority. This authority should be supreme in all matters relating to construction; in other matters it might be limited. He need not be responsible for the plans, but he must be for their faithful execution. If he has a doubt as to their practicability, he should resign his trust. If he desires counsel and advice on any matters within the scope of his duties, he should be enabled to refer such matters to a Board of Experts, who could give more study to the question than he. Except in an advisory capacity, it is believed that Boards are undesirable. It is notorious that they are inefficient for executive work. The Secretary or Chairman or some other member becomes the moving power, and the Board becomes a screen. Responsibility must be concentrated to be effective. The larger the Board, the greater its incompetence in executive business. In an advisory capacity Boards may be of great value, but their functions must not extend to executive work.*

The Chief Engineer should be a man in vigorous health, not too far advanced in years and yet possessing the discretion and judgment that come with years. He should have had experience in the management of men and works, and a thorough knowledge of the principles of engineering. An engineer is not a spontaneous growth. Eminence in his calling is only reached by hard work and a diligent application to all the intricate arts of the profession.

* Since the above was written a Chief Engineer has been appointed. The writer is not personally acquainted with him, but it is understood that he possesses in a high degree the qualities mentioned.

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Under the immediate orders of the Chief Engineer there should be a certain number of Division Engineers, each having direct charge of the work of his division. These Division Engineers should be men of the same high professional attainments as the chief, lacking only, perhaps, his experience. They should be capable of taking the place of the chief, if circumstances should make it necessary.

Geographically, the work on the canal will naturally be divided into three divisions, the Atlantic, the Central and the Pacific. The first would comprise all the work between the Caribbean Sea and the Bohio Dam, including the dam, the locks and spillway; the second should include all work between the Bohio Dam and the Pedro Miguel locks, but not including the latter; the third should include the Pedro Miguel locks and the work between them and the Pacific.

With such an organization, it is believed that the work can be carried on efficiently, economically and with credit to the Government that has undertaken the solution of this great problem in which the entire world is interested.

PETER C. HAINS.

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ARMS AND AMMUNITION IN JAPAN.

BY WM. H. BLUMENSTEIN.

If it requires genius to make a useful invention, it requires an equally high degree of ingenuity to adapt a mechanical device, or force, to concrete needs and conditions. In the matter of such ingenuity the Japanese are past masters.

In nothing does the clear perception of technical detail—the sure eye, the deft hand—express itself as admirably as in the ways and means adopted, and adapted, for the national defence and everything pertaining and relating thereto.

To get a proper conception of the stupendousness of the modern Japanese achievement we must bear in mind how forbiddingly the Empire kept itself aloof from Occidental civilization—that is to say, from the gradual accumulation of thought, conjecture, experiment, and experience in every department of science, of technique, of national life, and the sum total of inherited and acquired accomplishments expressed in the word "culture."

We behold with awe the marvellous monuments of alien genius, the Maya, the Aztec, the Peruvian, in America, the Burmese, Hindu, and Chinese, in Asia—architectural and sculptural wonders, sublime in conception, gigantic in proportions, tremendous in effort and overwhelming in effect; but there is a gulf between the spirit that created them and our own mental world that seems to be unbridgeable; a difference that seems to deny a common root of human nature and feeling.

However, the very massiveness of the barbarian achievement points to an explanation of this difference. Here thousands and thousands of human beings must have labored together, directed by one master mind. The individual counted for nothing; he was only a part of the whole, whose sole and chief duty was blind

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devotion and obedience to the ruler. Among less intelligent races, this subjugation led to a stolid, non-progressive fanaticism; with the more highly organized Japanese, it developed an intense patriotism, a love of, and pride in, their country such as it would be hard to parallel.

On the other hand, the Victorian Era will ever stand out pre-eminently as an age in which the human mind took giant strides forward. In America no less than in almost every one of the European countries arose mental giants, men of heroic genius, of dauntless spirit, of keenest penetration. It was the age that invented the railroad and the electric telegraph, conquering time and space, revolutionizing national life, vesting man with a strength, a force, a power hitherto undreamt of.

Well equipped with the attainments of his time, Commodore Perry approached the Japanese in 1853, with demands for treaties and open ports. The hated and despised foreigners had a way of reinforcing their request that was new, and some bright and far-sighted men of Japan conceived the idea of going abroad and judging for themselves how other countries compared with the fair Dai Nippon. They went and saw, saw with Japanese eyes and minds, and their hearts began to tremble for their country. They returned home and urged upon their compatriots the necessity of arming and protecting themselves; and like one man the nation responded. The sublime simplicity with which the greatest sacrifices of brain and treasure were made, will be, in times to come, a prolific source of inspiration to Japanese bards. From the Emperor down, throughout the nation, implicit trust was reposed in the most enlightened and most broad-minded of their people, and they went to work to remodel Japan without impairing her integrity.

How this was accomplished has already been described in whole libraries of books on Japan and her people, without, however, giving the Old World an adequate conception of the minute completeness with which Occidental arts and crafts were acquired and assimilated. The movement being principally a political one, the national defence became, of course, the main feature of this modernization, and a review of the Government institutions may shed some light on the matter.

With true Japanese exclusiveness and self-reliance, the aim was, from the very start, to make the country independent of the

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western world. The ways and means were simple and direct. Bright young men were sent to the various European and American seats of learning and industry, there to make themselves masters of all they could learn. On their return, they became associates and interpreters to the various foreign experts who had been engaged to establish the first or model plants and factories, with imported machines, tools and implements. These, once completed, served as standards for as many more establishments of the kind as the country required, built and operated by native talent without foreign aid or interference.

No European or American gunpowder plant is as complete, on as grand a scale, as thoroughly up to date, as convenient and practical as the Japanese Government Plant at Meguro, near Tokyo, for the manufacture of all kinds of ordnance and blasting powders. The broad brow of a hill, falling rather steeply down on one side into a swampy rice-field, has been utilized for the purpose with consummate skill.

The plant is patrolled by a detachment of soldiers, who also assist at the proving tests on the well-equipped grounds set apart for this purpose. Each manipulation in the manufacturing process has its full allotment of space; yet not a foot is wasted. The buildings are massive, suitable for the purpose, neat and well kept, but without a trace of anything superfluous. Along the main street, which runs the entire length of the factory grounds, is laid out a narrow-gauge railroad, and overhead you see the wire-rope power-transmission connecting all departments. In spite of all this, the picture is unmistakably Japanese, not only because of the turned-up corners of the massive roofs, and the graceful outlines of the supports of the transmission, which are of masonwork, but because of a hundred little details in the treatment of each section. I will only mention the little cascade in which a streamlet falls down the hill, the waters of which are required for the manufacturing process. The land adjoining this hill used to be swamp,—rice-fields. Now it is drained and reclaimed, and the buildings for the heavy machinery and presses are located in this section, reared on earthquake-proof piles.

Military precision reigns supreme; and in spite of the working of powerful engines and all the humming of wheels and stamping of crushers and all the other noises of a busy industrial establishment, which turns out some five to six thousand pounds

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of finished material every day, and gives occupation to half a thousand workmen, the picture is a serene one, free from the smut and dirt of labor. Free also from unpleasant memories; for there has never yet been an untoward explosion or fatality, such as blurs the records of many a similar institution under Caucasian management. Faithful devotion and strict obedience bring about unremitting attention to duty, and thereby preclude disasters, which generally are traceable to somebody's negligence.

That Japan now produces her own saltpetre in artificial plantations in sufficient quantities for her needs, is well known. Sulphur is found in abundance, as in any volcanic region, and the material for charcoal is also provided for. Guaiacum, which yields the best charcoal for powder purposes, does not thrive in Japan; but there are plenty of alders, which furnish the next best grade. Large groves of this tree cover the old lava beds on the slopes of the Fujiyama. The logs were treated according to all the rules of the art, but the wood was of so great a density, and its fibrous construction so intricate (owing to the extremely slow growth in the unyielding soil), that the charcoal made from it could be disintegrated and reduced to a granular powder only with the utmost difficulty, and with but indifferent success. No sooner had the Government been informed of this fact than a search was made throughout the land for something better than the alders of Fuji San, and it was discovered that on the islands of Oki, on the northern shore of Dai Nippon, in the Sea of Japan, there flourished splendid alders, of rapid growth and finely fibred, porous wood. Experiments proved this variety to yield an ideally good charcoal for the manufacture of powder. Immediately a forestry station was established on the islands, to take care that the supply of this wood should never be exhausted.

Here, then, we have the three chief ingredients of black and brown gunpowder, saltpetre, sulphur and charcoal, abundantly produced in the country.

The powder factory at Iwahana, which lies in the direction of Nikko, was built by the Japanese, without assistance from foreigners, after the model of Meguro, but on a larger scale. It is also well equipped with all the apparatus and machinery for the elaboration of the raw materials and the manufacture of ordnance powder, as well as all kinds of blasting powder for engineering and mining purposes. It supplies the Hokkaido, *i.e.*, the

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northern provinces of Dai Nippon and the islands lying in that direction.

Very different are the conditions surrounding Udji, the powder works of the South. These are located in the neighborhood of Kyoto, the old capital of the Emperors of feudal times. The district is renowned as the best tea region in all Japan. The excellence of the product is due, not so much to better soil or attention, as to more favorable climatic conditions than exist in any other section of the country. Hence every square foot of ground was devoted to tea culture. Yet, when the War Department decided that it needed a powder plant in that province, some fifty-odd precious acres were promptly given up by the farmer to the soldier. There is something almost pathetic in the fine old tea plants that grow within the very grounds of the factory, as the builders,—of course, Japanese,—did not have the heart to destroy them, so long as the room they occupied was not actually wanted for buildings and roads.

Udji's specialty is smokeless powder, and it has the very finest distillery for the alcohol required in the manufacturing process, I have, without any exception, seen anywhere. Here, also, is a complete plant for the manufacture of guncotton, where the raw material of domestic or imported growth is picked, cleaned, dried, and passed through the various complicated, and in many stages rather perilous, manipulations of nitration. The army of workmen move about with the precision of clock-work, under the eyes of numerous foremen, inspectors and superintendents, and accidents are almost, and fatalities entirely, unknown.

Three million yen (about $1,500,000) have been expended in the construction and equipment of this plant. Foreigners, remembering the enormous sums appropriated for Government buildings and constructions in their respective countries, rarely believe that such a splendid "job" could have been carried out without a proportionate amount of "boodle"; but in this respect the Japanese are not yet "up to date."

In times of peace, about four hundred men and two hundred girls find here steady employment, and the machinery develops from seven to eight hundred horse-power. All of the buildings are of framework, with cement floorings.

The alcohol, by the way, is made from grain, corn, rye, wheat and barley, raised on the numerous agricultural experiment sta-

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tions, after American patterns, which are scattered over the fertile Hokkaido, in which the Japanese husbandman obtains valuable instruction in modern methods of farming. In every direction is manifested the ambition to make Japan independent of the outside world.

By far the most important of all establishments of this kind is the Imperial powder plant at Itabashi, which is again located in close proximity to the capital. This is practically an experiment station, where the merits of new inventions and discoveries are investigated and put to a practical test. It is of all plants the most complete, making every kind of ordnance powder—viz., black, brown, and smokeless (grains, leaflets, tube or macaroni, cordite, etc.)—for firearms of all sizes up to the largest. Its chemical laboratories, and the apparatus for the numerous auxiliary processes and manipulations, are most complete, practical and efficient. As a matter of course, it is seldom that a foreigner is admitted within the high gate. All the officials, from the director down, are natives, and concerning them I want to say that not only the chiefs of the various departments, but their assistants as well, are highly trained experts, each of whom has spent several years at European and American universities, acquiring a thorough mastery of his specialty and getting his mental horizon widened to the farthest extent, so that he might return to his country exceptionally well fitted for the position he was to fill. Scientists of the first rank, who anywhere else would be hailed as stars of the first magnitude, work here unknown to fame, satisfied to devote their matchless genius and knowledge to the welfare and the glory of their country, not with blind fanaticism, but with the enthusiasm of conviction, the noble fire of the idealist. The individual counts for nothing; the country, the Emperor, for everything.

Meguro, Iwahana, Udji and Itabashi are under the superintendence of the War Department, while the Navy Department is more especially supplied by the factory at Oji, whose specialty is smokeless powder for naval guns and the charges for the projectiles intended for explosion with lyddite effect. The establishment is situated a little to the north of Tokyo and is of very recent creation. It is planned on the very largest scale, and it is needless to add that here, too, are found all the admirable features embodied in the other plants.

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From this it will be seen that the capital lies within a semi-circle of powder plants,—Meguro to the east, Oji to the north, and Itabashi to the west. The southern side is open to the sea. In the city itself is located the arsenal for small arms,—rifles, complete with bayonets, small field-guns and sabres for the cavalry. It is housed in the fortlike residence of an old-time provincial governor or Daimyo, and the original moat and rampart that protected the estate in turbulent times are still preserved. The age of the place can be surmised from the venerable old sycamores that have grown on the very crest of the wall. The buildings lie in the centre of an exquisite old-Japanese garden, full of delightful nooks and picturesque vistas, fine old trees rising out of a mass of flowering shrubbery and mossy rocks, reflected in pellucid sheets of water through which goldfish dart in all directions, or velvety lawns, glittering cascades, graceful bridges over pretty streamlets.

The beautifully proportioned, wide halls, in which feudal lords once dwelt in state, are now filled with machinery, shafting and belting, and the hum and rattle of mills and lathes, of piston and hammer, of gearing and saws. One section is given up to the manufacture of rifle barrels, all of small calibre. The blanks for these are mostly imported in the required length and size, so that they have only to be bored and grooved. In another section, the rifle stocks are made; in a third, the small parts of the weapon are produced and assembled. Still another section furnishes the bayonets; and, when the rifles are complete and adjusted, they are taken to the proving grounds, where a corps of sharp-shooters systematically tests each one. Those which prove to be not absolutely perfect are returned to the factory to be righted; the accepted ones are stamped and sent to the magazines to be stored for future use. The capacity of the arsenal, in times of peace, is 500 complete rifles per day of ten working hours, with facilities for quadrupling the output by working day and night.

All this constitutes only one part of the establishment. There are a sabre factory and a plant for the manufacture of all the ammunition used in the rifles and guns, and the capacity of this is proportionate to that of the other section.

The heavy artillery guns (Arisaka's model), howitzers, mortars, long-barrelled guns and cannons for the navy and for coast de-

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fence, as well as the shells or projectiles for these, are cast at the arsenal of Osaka. Most of the big lathes and milling-machines and drills, as well as the cranes and derricks for the handling of the huge pieces, are of Japanese construction, made after small imported models.

Osaka, the second city of the Empire, which is often called the Japanese Manchester, lies on a rather shallow bay, and is therefore accessible from the sea only by small, light-draft vessels, so that no trans-oceanic shipping can be done from there. To facilitate the transportation of heavy castings and big guns, a canal has been dug for the exclusive use of the arsenal, starting within its grounds, passing under the heavy rampart, and going through a rather secluded section of the country to the seacoast.

The working capacity of Osaka arsenal it is difficult to estimate, nor would the War Department allow information on that point to be spread broadcast. It is scarcely conceivable that more than an approximate figure is set down for it. Suffice it to say, that everybody is expected to do his best and is doing it. This training of legions of working-men and officers of high grade or low grade in faithful devotion to duty and country, is in itself an inestimable asset to the credit of Japan.

A section of the grounds is given up to the harness and saddlery works, and to the manufacture of bits and stirrups and all the other parts of the harness as used by the artillery and cavalry; in other words, these two branches of the army are supplied here with all their accoutrements.

The principal naval port, and the oldest one, is that of Yokoshuka, on the Yokohama Bay. From the land side, it is practically inaccessible as it is surrounded by steep mountains, the coast range reaching here its wildest section. The railroad, which connects the port with the capital overland, pierces its way through innumerable tunnels, and rumbles over deep gorges and chasms on lofty bridges that are triumphs of engineering. The main part of the town is occupied by commissary stores, warehouses, provision depots, etc.; for here is the base of supplies of the Japanese navy. Without the navy docks, Yokoshuka would still be the insignificant fishing village it was for centuries up to twenty-odd years ago, when the secluded yet deep-sea harbor was found to be the best possible naval port the Empire could desire. The dry docks are large enough to admit of five men-of-war to be

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built simultaneously and finished within a twelvemonth, besides countless smaller vessels for all purposes. It is as busy and bustling a place as one can wish to see, and the solemn hills around it are forever reechoing with the clatter and clamor of ceaseless industry.

The population of the town consists almost exclusively of the officers and employees of the navy-yard and their families, and the greatest feasts they know of are the launchings of the big war-vessels, when the Emperor comes down from Tokyo in all the splendor of his gold-laced uniform and surrounded by his magnificent suite. Every available space glows with flags and flowers; everybody is in holiday attire, happy, enthusiastic, proud of his country and its enlightened ruler, whose high mind read aright the signs of the times and made New Japan a possibility. The majority of ordinary mortals feel more or less elated in the presence of men of distinction, of great achievement or vast wealth. What, then, must these people feel when they behold the descendant of an interminable line of Emperors,—great ones or small ones, but Emperors nevertheless—compared with whom Romanoff or Hohenzollern, Habsburg or Bourbon, is but a matter of yesterday.

A word about the European style of uniform worn by the Government employees. It was not for love of foreign fashions that this was adopted. It is generally discarded as soon as office hours are over. The sole reason for its adoption lies in the traditions and ceremonies that cling to the official garb of native design. Rather than shock the pious feeling towards ancient custom,—that sensitive reverence of the past that is so easily ridiculed to death, and that generally buries in its own grave the self-esteem and self-reliance of the nation,—the dress was laid aside, and the difficulty was overcome without violating either the old forms on the one hand, or the demands of modern exigencies on the other.

The wharves and the science of marine construction were acquired by Japan in scarcely more than a decade. It is this sudden springing up of new industries, this quick mastery of intricate manufacturing processes, which were absolutely unknown when the present experts were children, which have no connection with the inner life of the people, no root in ancient traditions, which originated with the unloved aliens and still bear the character of their mental world,—that makes the achievement so stupendous,

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all the more as it takes in not only the "four hundred" of Japanese officialdom, but a very large contingent of the broad base of the people, of the nation.

Fifty years ago, Japan was a mediæval, feudal state, in that political stage of development from which Europe emerged about the time America was discovered. The degree of civilization the Caucasian race laboriously attained in something like four centuries, has been won in the Land of the Rising Sun in as many decades, and without any disintegration, in a well-aimed and safely guided course of natural, healthy progress. Surely, this phenomenal growth cannot suddenly stop short. But what will it bring forth? The struggle now going on in the Far East for the hegemony of the Asiatic Pacific, will settle a far deeper problem concerning the history of mankind than the statesmen and diplomats of to-day have yet dared to contemplate.

WM. H. BLUMENSTEIN.

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THE ALASKAN BOUNDARY—ITS PRACTICABILITY AND COST.

BY THOMAS HODGINS, JUDGE OF THE ADMIRALTY COURT, CANADA.

THE Alaskan-Boundary Tribunal having, by answering certain questions, given its interpretation of the third and fourth articles of the Anglo-Russian Treaty of 1825 which defined the Alaska-Canada international boundary, it now becomes important to consider whether the boundary line described in the fourth article and in the answer to the fifth question, is practicable, as an engineering work, by staking it out and erecting monuments on the ground; or is financially reasonable as to its cost.

The third article of the Treaty provided that, after leaving the Portland Channel and the 56th degree of north latitude, "the line of demarcation shall follow the crest (*crête*) of the mountains situated parallel to the coast as far as the 141st degree of west longitude."

The fourth article prescribed conditional limitations to this boundary line as follows:

"With reference to the line of demarcation laid down in the preceding article, it is understood, first, that the island called Prince of Wales Island shall belong wholly to Russia; second, that wherever the crest of the mountains, which extend in a direction parallel to the coast from the 56th degree of north latitude to the point of intersection of the 141st degree of west longitude, shall prove to be at a distance of more than ten marine leagues from the Ocean, the limit between the British possessions and the strip of coast which is to belong to Russia as above mentioned, shall be formed by a line parallel to the sinuosities of the coast, and which shall never exceed the distance of ten marine leagues therefrom."

Tersely paraphrased, the article may be read thus:

"Wherever the crest of the mountains which extend in a direction parallel to the coast . . . shall prove to be at a distance of more than ten

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marine leagues from the Ocean, . . . the line parallel to the sinuosities of the coast shall never exceed the distance of ten marine leagues therefrom."

The fifth question founded on the said article and proposed to the Tribunal reads:

"In extending the line of demarcation from the point on the parallel of the 56th degree of north latitude, following the crest of the mountains situated parallel to the coast until its intersection with the 141st degree of longitude west of Greenwich, subject to the condition that if such line should anywhere exceed the distance of ten marine leagues from the Ocean, then the boundary between the British and Russian possessions should be formed by a line parallel to the sinuosities of the coast, and distant therefrom more than ten marine leagues, was it the intention and meaning of the said Convention of 1825 that there should remain in the exclusive possession of Russia a continuous fringe, or strip, of coast on the mainland, not exceeding ten marine leagues in width, separating the British possessions from the bays, ports, inlets, havens and waters of the Ocean, and extending from the said point of the 56th degree of latitude north to a point where such line of demarcation should intersect the 141st degree of longitude west of Greenwich?"

Compared with the text of the Treaty, the recital may pass; but the question introduces a new expression, not in the Treaty, nor a fair paraphrase of its terms: "Bays, ports, inlets, havens and waters of the Ocean." Had the question used the expression, "separating the British Possessions from the territorial waters indenting the coast of the mainland"; or "was it the intention and meaning of the said Convention of 1825 that the expression 'sinuosities of the coast' should include such territorial waters as bays, ports, inlets, havens and waters indenting the coast of the mainland," the difficulties of giving an intelligible and legal meaning to the question in a simply affirmative answer would have been materially lessened.

International Law, being a science, has certain terms of art, such as "ocean," "coast," "bay," "shore," etc., which have now universally recognized and well-understood political meanings among nations when used in their international treaties,—though they may differ in some cases from their geographical meanings. But, without at present further criticising the form of the question, it would appear that the majority of the Tribunal, by their answer to the fifth question, decided that "*ocean*" was to be the base line for the measurement of the inland width of the strip, or

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fringe, of coast; and the practical question now to be considered is, How and where will the engineer or surveyor find the fixed points of his base line along the 500 miles of coast, so as to stake inland a sinuous boundary line "parallel to the sinuosities" of such base line, and so that the inland international boundary line shall be such a fairly marked counterpart of the sinuosities of the ocean base line, that neither nation shall gain or lose territory which an inaccurate inland measurement might award.

If, then, the "ocean" of the question is the governing base line, International Law must be appealed to for the recognized meaning of that term.

The sea water along the coast of a country is not, according to that law, "ocean"; nor are the rocks or shoals along such coast the points where the "ocean" is found. By that law, the "low-water mark" of the tidal sea along the coast is the primary factor in determining where ocean begins. A marine league seaward from low-water mark is the marine belt of "territorial water" which is part of the maritime territory, and subject to the sovereignty, of the nation owning the coast. Outside that marine league, or belt, of territorial water is the "ocean," which is the common highway for the ships of all nations, and is subject to no sovereignty. "Ocean" being made the base line from which the inland width of the ten-marine-league strip of coast is to be measured, it follows that all along the strip of coast, the "low-water mark" must be ascertained, and from it an inland distance of nine marine leagues must be accurately (if possible) ascertained; for, as the Treaty prescribes that the inland width of the strip of coast shall never exceed "ten marine leagues from the ocean," the one league of "territorial water" and the nine inland leagues from "low-water mark," make the ten marine leagues prescribed. That prescribed inland width must be scientifically ascertained and staked along the interior land, as engineers or surveyors would be bound to do, if they were surveying and staking a similar sinuous dividing line between two adjoining farms of a prescribed and parallel inland width from a similarly fixed sinuous base line, or low-water mark, along an ocean coast, bay shore or river bank. How the base line of low-water mark along the 500 miles of ocean or seacoast can be ascertained, must be left to the investigation of experts. At present it would seem to be an engineering impossibility.

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The same difficulties would have to be encountered by the engineers and surveyors if the nature-made coast-line of the mainland had been declared to be the base line from which the inland width of the strip of coast was to be staked. The "sinuosities of the coast" would have to be reproduced on the inland territory along which the international boundary line should be staked.

This view is sustained by the opinion of Mr. Dall, one of the engineering experts employed by the United States to report on the practicability of marking on the ground the international boundary line described in the Treaty of 1825, "parallel to the sinuosities of the coast." He reported as follows:

"In short, the summit of the mountains is wholly impracticable. We may then fall back on the line 'parallel to the windings (sinuosities) of the coast.' Let any one with a pair of drawing compasses having one leg a pencil point, draw this line on the United States Coast Survey Map of Alaska (No. 960 of 1884). The result is sufficient to condemn it. Such a line could not be surveyed; it crosses itself in many places, and indulges in myriads of knots and triangles. The line actually drawn as the boundary on that map omits these intricacies, and is intended merely as an approximation. It would be subject to almost insuperable difficulties for the surveyor, simplified as it is, and the survey would cost more than the whole territory cost originally. These are the false geographical assumptions on which the language of the Treaty was based, and are the difficulties they offer when it is proposed to realize by survey the verbal boundary."

And as to the mountain-crest boundary, he said:

"Shall we skip this way or that with our zigzag boundary, impossible to survey, except at a fabulous expense, and a half-century of labor?"

Mr. Secretary Bayard also stated, in a despatch to the American Ambassador in London, his opinion that the line traced on the Coast Survey Map was "as conjectural and theoretical as was the mountain-summit line traced by Vancouver"; and he added:

"The line is, in fact, such a line as it is next to impossible to survey through a mountainous region, and its actual location there by a Surveying Commission would be nearly as much a matter of conjecture as tracing it on paper with a pair of dividers."

The impracticability of staking on the inland side of the strip of coast such a sinuous or zigzag boundary line, was judicially affirmed by one of the State Supreme Courts when adjudicating

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upon a similar expression to that used in the Treaty of 1825: "ten leagues from and parallel with the coast." The Court said:

"How can this line be drawn parallel to the natural coast, which has every imaginable curvature and sinuosity? After the whole country is surveyed, it may not be an entire impossibility to trace,—upon a map at least—the counterpart of the coast-line, however irregular and diversified. But can any one imagine that a Government would require, or attempt, such a line in a wilderness, for either political purposes, or for fixing the boundaries of property? It would require more numerous monuments and landmarks to ascertain its position than perhaps any other line ever drawn upon the face of the globe. Could any officer, or citizen, ever know with precision when he had passed the boundary; or could not an offender by dodging from post to pillar, or if he took a straight course, be in and out of the boundary one hundred times a day? Suppose every league of land was to have on its inland side curves corresponding to its curved coast boundary, the confusion and uncertainty of boundaries would be intolerable, and, of course, would never be permitted. The surveyors had no time for an operation almost impracticable in itself, and which, if completed, would have been preposterous as a line of boundary."*

During the argument before the Tribunal, a tracing was presented, indicating how the inland line of the boundary "parallel to the sinuosities of the coast," would have to be staked out and marked by monuments on the mountains or rolling land along the 500 miles of the strip of coast, showing, as stated by Mr. Dall, the "myriads of knots and triangles" it would make on the ground. Lord Alverstone, while admitting in his published judgment the practical difficulties of marking the actual localities of the Treaty-prescribed boundary line, said that, if, shortly after the Treaty, Great Britain and Russia had proceeded to draw or mark the boundary line, "the difficulties, and in certain events, the impossibilities of drawing a boundary in strict accordance with the Treaty, would have been made evident." And "to draw the boundary in accordance with paragraph 2 of Article IV. of the Treaty, I believe that according to the views expressed by both the American and British authorities it is impossible to do so." He added, however, that, while such impossibilities could not be cured by the Tribunal, but only by a new Treaty, "these considerations, strong as they are in favor of a just and equitable

* *Hamilton vs. Manifee*, 11 Texas Reports, 718.

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modification of the original Treaty of 1825, do not, in my opinion, enable the Tribunal to put a different construction upon it."

From the estimates furnished by the United States engineers, the cost to the United States of marking the Treaty boundary line would be about $2,250,000. The estimated cost to Canada has been placed at $2,300,000, or a total of $4,550,000, which would certainly be exceeded. The length of time likely to be occupied in making necessary surveys and erecting the boundary monuments has been estimated at from seven to nine years. Mr. Dall's estimate makes it "a fabulous expense and a half-century of labor."

These considerations may well induce both nations to pause and reconsider their positions, and endeavor to find and agree upon a more practicable and less expensive boundary.

The political and geographical term "Ocean" has been given to such large bodies of water as the Atlantic Ocean, the Pacific Ocean, the Arctic Ocean, the Antarctic Ocean and the Indian Ocean. The political and legal expression, "bays, ports, inlets, havens and waters *of the Ocean,*" in this fifth question, has created a legal difficulty by the use of the words "of the Ocean"; for the term "Ocean" is found in Articles 1, 2, 4, 6 and 10 of the Treaty, and must be presumed to have a uniform meaning throughout the Treaty, as well as in the questions and answers. Had the question been worded so as to designate the "territorial waters" along the ocean coast of the mainland, as suggested above, it would have been a more intelligible paraphrase of the Treaty. What, then, in International Law are known as bays and waters "*of the Ocean*"? The following may suggest the answer: The Bay of Fundy, the Bay of Chaleur, Hudson's Bay, Delaware Bay, ten miles wide, Chesapeake Bay, twelve miles wide (both of which are claimed as "territorial waters" by the United States), the Bays of Biscay, Bengal, Korea, Honduras, and others which are more than the generally accepted mouth-width of six marine miles. New York Harbor and many similar "havens" are types of "waters of the ocean."

Further, the above enumeration imports the doctrine of law known as "*ejusdem generis*" and the rule known as *noscitur a sociis;* and, guided by the meaning applicable to the class of "Bays of the Ocean," it would seem logically and legally reasonable that the limitation, "of the ocean," should apply to and gov-

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ern the interpretation to be given to the other enumerated classes of "waters of the ocean."

This fifth question, therefore, does not seem to have been accurately or scientifically drafted, having regard to the meanings of the political terms of the science of International Law; and it would seem to leave open questions for further discussion and negotiation; or what may be aptly phrased as "the argumentative strategy of diplomacy."

It is reported that the Tribunal signed maps on which boundary lines were traced. The Treaty of Reference said nothing about maps. The jurisdiction of the Tribunal was limited to giving answers to prescribed questions in respect to the true meaning and application of Articles III., IV., and V. of the Treaty of 1825; with power to take into consideration any action of the several governments which tended to show the original and effective understanding of the parties in respect to the limits of their several territorial jurisdictions under the said Treaties of 1825 and 1867. Any action beyond that jurisdiction would seem to be *ultra vires*. But if such boundary-traced maps are to be treated as schedules to the answers, then they must be construed as are the schedules to an ordinary statute; and the rule as to such is that, if the enacting part of the statute and the schedules to such statute conflict, the schedules must be construed so as to conform to such enacting part, and the statutory interpretation must prevail against any conflicting wording of the schedules. Therefore, the wording of the Treaty and of the answers must prevail against the boundary-line maps, should they be found to differ as to the inland distance from the base line of the "ocean," or to disregard the sinuosities of "low-water mark" along the natural coast.

The mutual interest and convenience of the peoples of both the United States and Canada, in the promotion of trade, and of the agricultural and mining industries, as well as in the administration of justice, in the wild and unsettled Alaska-Canada territory, disciplined by a loyal and just international amity, rather than attempting the construction of an impracticable and expensive boundary line, should—now that the Treaty has been construed,—dominate both nations, and perhaps lead them to consider some honorable adjustment or equitable compromise of their respective boundary rights in that territory.

THOMAS HODGINS.

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THE DEGENERACY OF THE GERMAN ARMY.

BY WOLF VON SCHIERBRAND.

SOMETIMES the unexpected does happen. A small book, the literary firstling of a simple lieutenant of the line, has deeply stirred all classes in Germany. Even the national parliament, the Reichstag, has discussed it with much feeling. There is but one way to account for this: the reason for the profound anxiety felt is that this little book publicly and in plain language speaks out momentous truths about the German army, "the most cherished legacy" left him by his grandfather, as the Kaiser described it—truths which thousands had whispered before, but none had dared to speak aloud. The author of the book was promptly brought before a court-martial, sentenced to a long term of imprisonment, and dismissed from the army. His judges did not deny the fidelity of the portrait drawn by Lieutenant Bilse, but punished him rather because of it. For the same reason, too, the court ordered all the plates of the book and all the copies of it to be destroyed and its sale forbidden within the Empire. As a method of preventing its circulation, this measure failed wholly of its purpose.

What, then, does the book tell?

It presents in the guise of fiction—very thinly veiled fiction, indeed—a faithful picture of life in a German garrison of to-day, delineating the loose discipline and the looser living of officers and men. It shows pitilessly their total lack of ideals; the complete indifference of the officers to their profession; their incessant gaming and excessive drinking; the absence of intellectual pleasures and efforts, and the general engulfment in the grossest amusements and dissipations; the load of ever-accumulating debts under which nearly everybody groans; the miserable dependence of the officers on the forbearance of the army usurers

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in Berlin or Cologne; and the striving to escape the gathering meshes of the drag-net by a "money-marriage," that being the sole escape possible from ultimate ruin and disgrace.

If the picture is a true one—and it was admitted to be true even by the members of the court-martial which condemned the young author; nay, more, even by the complaining witnesses, who recognized themselves in the figures of the tale, and who have since challenged Bilse to mortal combat to avenge the deadly insult of being held up to public ignominy—the German army is no longer what it has been universally supposed to be, namely, a model of strict discipline and of Spartan virtue. It is rather the reverse. And that invites a comparison.

Frederick the Great died in 1786, his army the finest in Europe. He had stood at bay, during a succession of wars which consumed more than half his reign of forty-six years, against the whole of Continental Europe, and he had vanquished his foes *seriatim* with his matchless band of veterans. Exactly twenty years after his death, Napoleon defeated the Prussians at Jena, routing them so utterly that Prussia tumbled like a house of cards. The monarchy practically ceased to exist for seven years, and Prussia, as a political and military power, was thrust back for fifty years to the second or third rank. Only 1866 and the battle of Sadowa restored her prestige. It was in recalling these days of contrite humiliation that the present Kaiser said, addressing his brilliant gathering of generals in the Hall of Glories at Berlin, on New Year's Day, 1900:

"The glorious soldiers of Frederick the Great had fallen asleep on their laurels, ossified in the trivial details of a senseless, antiquated drill; led by superannuated, unready, and unwarlike generals; their officers no longer used to serious work, and degenerated by luxury, sloth, and blind self-glorification. In a word, the army no longer sufficed for its task. It had forgotten its task. Severe was the punishment meted out to it by Heaven, a punishment which likewise chastised our people. Thrown into the dust were we. Frederick's fame paled, and his glorious banners were broken. In the seven long years of our hard servitude God taught our people to gather new strength."

Brave and timely words these, but it may be doubted if William II. had any idea that he was addressing a body of men who themselves fitted in rather closely with the description given of the men of 1806, that he, personally, is rapidly bringing the German

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army to the sorry plight he spoke of? The parallel between conditions in 1806 and those in 1904 is a striking one. Pride goeth before a fall. The vainglorious, dissolute, overbearing, cowardly Prussian *junkers* and soldiers of 1806 have their counterparts in those of to-day. This has been pointed out before now in Germany, and has often been the subject of prophecy in the Reichstag itself. But ears have been deaf and eyes have been blind in the circles most concerned.

No one who has of recent years resided in Germany, who has had occasion to consort with the army there and has closely observed it, can have failed to remark its rapid decadence. Those dreadful diseases which are the punishment consequent on loose living are tainting officers and men alike to an incredible extent. In the military hospitals, the overwhelming majority of the patients are sufferers from such disorders. The French army during the Second Empire was not worse in this respect.

Gaming and betting are indulged in to an enormous extent in army circles. The Union Club and the Jockey Club in Berlin, both largely composed of officers, are perhaps the worst centres of fashionable dissipation in the Empire. High stakes are played for, tens of thousands often changing hands in a single night, the favorite games being vingt-et-un, baccarat, écarté, poker, lansquenet and others. It is at these clubs, and at the hundreds of smaller ones in the provinces, that the fatal taste for gaming and betting is first acquired, leading in many cases to disgrace, expatriation or suicide. The complete financial ruin of five of the oldest and most renowned Prussian noble families was accomplished at one of the above clubs in the course of a single season, not very long ago.

With this, too, there is an enormous amount of hard drinking. German army officers make French brandy their favorite tipple, or the regulation mess-punch, composed of a mixture of champagne, brandy, curaçoa, and rum—a mixture, by the way, said to have been invented by the Kaiser. At the innumerable banquets, luncheons, birthday fêtes of the sovereign or his family, of regimental chiefs, etc., and at the anniversary celebrations of battles in which particular regiments or corps distinguished themselves in the past, hard and fast drinking is the fashion, and failure to observe it is an unpardonable crime. Besides all this, luxury in its general aspects has obtained a firm foothold in the German

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army everywhere. Out of every hundred officers, at least ninety live beyond their means.

As a dire result of all this, usury and "money-marriages" have become established features in life. It would require too much space to go into details, interesting enough as these are in themselves. Let it be enough to say that every garrison town in Germany is cursed by the presence of leeches, who first induce young and reckless officers to borrow on apparently easy terms, and next manipulate with diabolical cunning until they have involved their victims, and more especially the innocent families of their victims, so seriously as to lead usually to one of three alternatives: to the settlement of the debt, including an outrageous interest, a thing that burdens the paternal estate, family fortune, or salary expectations for many years, or the retirement of the officer in question; to the contracting of a "money-marriage," so called, which ties the young spendthrift to an unloved but richly dowered damsel (or widow), frequently with questionable family connections; or, lastly, to the summary dismissal and disgrace of the luckless wight, often to suicide or to crime. The whole German army is honeycombed with more or less sad cases of this description. So many scions of the fairest and oldest families in the Empire have, while serving in the army, fallen inextricably into the snares of these professional usurers, and have wedded a vulgar daughter of a *nouveau riche*, that but few of the ancient houses do not show to-day a commingling of "financial," especially Jewish financial, blood. That, however, is a matter about which there may well be two opinions. The great number of such mercenary matches, and their steady increase, have materially added to the lowering of moral standards in the army.

Against this whole train of evils the Kaiser, it is true, fulminates decrees and army orders. He did so for the first time on March 29th, 1890, when he issued a general army order in which, first, he stated that "not alone birth can to-day, as it did formerly, exclusively entitle to the prerogative of furnishing the officers for my army," and that the future of his army "rests also on the sons of estimable citizen families with whom the reverence for king and fatherland . . . is nurtured and cherished." He added:

"I strongly disapprove the idea that any officer in my army is to be estimated according to the size of his home allowance. On the contrary,

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I rank in my mind those regiments the highest whose officers know how to do their full duty, joyously and with alacrity, and who nevertheless receive but modest allowances from their families. This is in accord with old Prussian traditions. I desire with all my heart that my officers, their duty done, shall enjoy life. But the growing luxury in the army must be seriously and persistently opposed."

During the eighties, and again during the nineties, occurred several unsavory trials in the army, brought about by huge scandals attendant on the ruin and disgrace of many young officers due to reckless card-playing. The worst of these was the one at Hanover, which led to the discharge from the army of scores, including one of the Kaiser's aides-de-camp. On February 23d, 1899, the Kaiser issued a decree to the army in which he said:

"Late occurrences have shown me again the frequency of dishonest but alluring offers made by professional money-lenders to the officers of my army. . . . I demand the use of every means to keep such temptations away from my officers. My previous order of July 5, 1888, must remain before every officer's eyes as the expression of my deliberate will. I herewith ordain that henceforth each and every officer be bound to report to his superiors all offers of corrupt money transactions which shall reach him. . . ."

Yet the Kaiser himself is largely—one might almost say solely—responsible for the present highly unsatisfactory condition of his army, a condition which these and subsequent orders have done nothing to improve. It is well known how, by his personal example, he encourages luxurious living among his corps of officers. He attends annually scores of officers' festivities which are always costly and usually marked by excessive drinking, swaggering talk and unhealthy sycophancy. The toasts on these occasions breathe, as a rule, the spirit of reckless bravado now so rampant throughout Germany, and especially in the army. In this, too, as the world knows, the present Kaiser has too often furnished his people an example. His speeches during the troubles in China, wild and almost raving in their lack of restraint, are still unforgotten in this connection.

But his demoralizing influence on the army goes much further than that. There has never been a monarch on the throne of Prussia who has been such a spendthrift, nor one so fond of expensive court festivities and lavish personal display, and for him to preach to his young officers strict economy seems a ludicrous paradox. It is notorious, for instance, that the members of his

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large military household, including aides-de-camp, are of necessity compelled to spend a great deal of money in order to keep up with the requirements he exacts. Each one of them must, out of his own pocket, provide for a stableful of blooded horses, and other things in proportion. Under his grandfather, whom he claims to pattern after, things in this respect were different.

Thus, morally, the present German army has, assuredly, sadly deteriorated. But that is not all, nor is this the point which most concerns Germany's allies or opponents. The efficiency of the army, too, has seriously suffered. It is not difficult to find the reasons. First, all the trusted and able men that had slowly risen before 1866 are gone. Not one is left. The Kaiser would have none of them remain in active service. He called this "rejuvenating" the army, a process of rapidly weeding out all the battle-scarred and experienced commanders. The process has left none but totally untried men in every post of importance, men neither very able nor at all willing to criticise or to withstand the Kaiser's whimsical innovations. The presence of the paladins of his grandfather, men who had borne the brunt of battle and demonstrated their mettle and their capacity, was irksome to him. The army, indeed, is to-day commanded by an Emperor who knows absolutely nothing of practical warfare from personal experience. The youngest lieutenant in France, Russia, England and the United States knows more of actual fighting than he. He has never as much as witnessed a skirmish, let alone an engagement or a battle, and that means volumes in the case of a German Kaiser, whose title of "Commander-in-Chief" is not nominal, as it is in the case of several other sovereigns, but really means all it seems to mean, viz., the chief and untrammelled command over all the forces of the Empire by land and sea. And the officers serving under him are just as ignorant of real war as he. They are, without exception, men who have grown to manhood since the war with France, thirty-three years ago. The achievements and the teachings of a Moltke or Roon, of the "Red Prince" or of "Unser Fritz," of Blumenthal and all the others among the undaunted band that stood around the modest, plain, taciturn old Emperor William I., are nothing but so much printer's ink to them. Again, both the weapons with which the wars of the future will be fought, and the radical change in tactics and in strategy that must result from the employment of smokeless

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powder and long-range guns and rifles, are new elements, untested on a large scale. Has the Kaiser and have his young generals adapted themselves to these changes? I very much fear not.

It is matter of common knowledge that the Kaiser, from his strong love of the spectacular, has taught his army, at every great manœuvre held since his accession in 1888, not to fight as they will have to fight in a future war in order to win, namely, in accordance with the very different tactics made necessary by the general adoption of modern weapons—tactics, it will be remembered, to learn which cost England many thousands of lives and untold millions in money on the veldts and on the kopjes of South Africa. Instead, he has taught them to fight as if the old smooth-bores were still in use. And his generals, his military advisers, and, of course, his subalterns, have supinely acquiesced. His massing of cavalry and his insane cavalry and infantry charges, in serried ranks, up steep hills and over vast territories swept by the enemy's fire for long distances, have been the amazement of all competent judges—of every foreign general witnessing these displays, which are magnificent as purely military spectacles, but far worse than useless as a mimicry of actual war conditions. At the big Fall manœuvres, a couple of years ago, when American officers fresh from the Philippines were present as eye-witnesses, I had it from the lips of one of the latter: "If the Kaiser means to tackle the enemy in that style in the next war, not a man or horse of them will reach their destination." His strategy has been ridiculed in secret by every German officer of ability, and openly by many distinguished foreign ones. The newspapers in Germany, as strongly as they dared, have commented on it in uncomplimentary terms. But there has come no change. For fifteen years, the German army has been taught, in sham battle, to attack an imaginary enemy on conditions and in a manner which would invite complete annihilation in actual warfare.

Next to that stands the gruesome chapter of the abuse of power by officers and non-commissioned officers in the German army exercised toward their subordinates, the rank and file. On February 15th, 1890, the Kaiser issued a cabinet order dealing with this evil. It was addressed to the Minister of War, and said:

"In my army every soldier is to be treated according to law, justly and humanely. Only thus is it possible to inspire him with zeal and devotion to duty, and love and respect for his superiors."

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This order had been directly occasioned by the fact that Prince George of Saxony (now the ruling sovereign of that country), in his capacity of military inspector of a large part of the Prussian army, had remarked the prevalence of cruel and brutal treatment of soldiers by their superiors, especially by the subaltern and non-commissioned officers, and had drawn the Kaiser's attention to it. It cannot be said, however, that this particular order, or similar ones since issued by the Kaiser, have eradicated or even diminished this cancer, as many trials and incidents in the recent past have proven. The vicious and debasing custom of officers in cruelly and often brutally maltreating their defenceless subordinates has frequently led to Reichstag interpellations and long-winded discussions. As a rule, shortly after the convening of the national parliament, every late autumn, the topic is brought up by the Liberals and Socialists, sometimes even by supporters of the present government, and each successive Minister of War rises, and defends as best he may the army authorities on that score, invariably promising reform. That was done again last December; the new Minister of War (for, as a rule, the Kaiser changes his men in that office every twelvemonth), General von Einem, admitted that during the past year fifty officers and 577 non-commissioned officers had been convicted and punished for fiendishly abusing their authority. As scarcely one case of such misuse of power in a hundred is brought to the notice of military courts (and this for obvious reasons), these figures are simply appalling. Nearly every day items may be read in the German press like the following, cabled here on December 14th last:

"A thousand specifications of cruelty are made against Lieutenant Schilling, of the Ninety-eighth Regiment of Infantry, whose trial began at Metz to-day. . . ."

Two days later, the same Associated Press correspondent reported a similar case, only worse, wherein a sergeant named Franzki, of the Eighty-Fifth Infantry, figured with 1520 counts of maltreatment, and abuse of authority on 100 counts. These, however, are but ordinary cases. There have been not a few in recent years where conviction was had for tormenting luckless private soldiers to death. And, strange to say—I mean, strange in view of the Kaiser's repeated stringent orders and of the horror

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with which he professes to regard such offences — punishment is in nearly all cases mild and curiously inadequate. For practising tortures worse and more ingenious than those practised by Indians here in days of yore, tortures which ended fatally for nine of the men under his charge, one young officer last year received but a six months' sentence of confinement in a fortress, a species of confinement not deemed dishonorable among his class; and, what is still more strange, after serving out a single month of this sentence this fiend was pardoned by Imperial clemency. The effect of such treatment, in these days of world-wide humanitarian effort, on the morale of the German army and on the sentiment of the nation as a whole may be imagined. To get the full bearing of this remark, it must always be kept in mind that active military service is universal and compulsory in Germany, and that this system of baiting and maltreatment is well-nigh the rule in the German army.

Another feature of this whole question, and in some respects the most important of all, must still be touched upon. I refer to the attitude of the army, more especially of the corps of officers, toward the bulk of the nation, the civilian part, the part which supports the whole army out of the proceeds of the heavy taxes wrung from a patient people. That attitude is not paralleled among the other civilized nations of the world. The officer is a demigod in Germany. He is, socially, first. He outshines not only in his own eyes (which would be natural enough), but in those of the whole nation, any other class or body of men, being set up on a pedestal and worshipped by silly maidens and sillier parents. He outranks, in a country where official rank is everything, the brightest galaxy of dignitaries, and leaves the grave and immaculate German professor far, far behind, in the race for popular favor.

That, then, is the way in which the civilian portion of the nation looks upon the military portion—as being unapproachably superior. The natural corollary is, that the officers themselves regard the "mere civilians" as distinctly their inferiors, regard them with contempt as the vulgar herd, much as the Spartans of old regarded the helots. This attitude of mind is, it is undeniable, greatly fostered by the Kaiser and by the whole government class of the Empire, who never tire inculcating the lesson that to "wear the king's coat" is the greatest distinction that can be

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conferred on a mortal. On November 15th, 1894, the Kaiser, in addressing a body of recruits for the Guards, said:

". . . Do not forget that you wear the coat of your king. Honor that coat, and keep in mind that you have been deemed worthy to discharge your service before my eyes, and that by entering the army you have become nobles. . . ."

Is, then, the insolent bearing, the more or less acute disdain, with which the officers hold themselves aloof from the common rabble, the every-day, taxpaying yahoo, to be wondered at?

But, indeed, there are other factors tending in the same direction. One of them is the striking difference in the ethical codes governing the conduct of army officers and of the civilian population. One of these differences is to be found in the duel as an institution. Little by little, mortal combat has been eliminated from the German civilian's life as the method of final settlement of questions of honor. But in the army, thanks to the Kaiser, who, like all the Hohenzollerns, has been bred in the belief that the duel is the only satisfactory manner of avenging insults, this remnant of mediæval nonsense has survived. His much-talked-of decree, some years ago, merely sought to still further regulate the army duel by bringing it, in nearly all cases, under the preliminary notice of a "court of honor," so called, meeting *ad hoc*. The number of army duels has slightly decreased, but duelling has gained in respectability by thus being formally sanctioned by the sovereign commander. And there is another point. Besides the 25,000 officers in the active army, there are some 43,000 officers of the "reserve," who, in case of war, would likewise be called to arms and receive commands in the reserve corps. These men, by that very fact, must also adhere throughout life, and in their civilian relations, to every paragraph of the military code of honor, as distinguished from the ordinary civilian one. That leads to very frequent and most unpleasant complications, on which I do not propose to dwell here. The curious fact is thus presented that the Kaiser, being both Commander-in-Chief of the army and civil chief of the whole nation, not only encourages but renders obligatory, in certain contingencies, the breaking of the laws which he has sworn to uphold. What is more, he unfailingly pardons both challenger and challenged of a duelling party after they have served a small share of their ludicrously

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lenient sentence, a sentence which, even in instances where one or the other of the offenders has been killed, seldom exceeds a few months of honorable retirement in a military fort.

The peculiar code of the officers, and their whole mental attitude towards civilians, lead frequently to such tragedies as the one in which Lieutenant von Brüsewitz played an unenviable part a few years ago; or like the one in which a young naval lieutenant, recently, slaughtered in cold blood an old schoolmate and fellow townsman for no worse offence than what he considered a too familiar form of salute. There are many other features equally strange and unpleasant growing out of this broad cleavage, in sentiment and standards, between the professional soldier element and the remaining overwhelmingly larger bulk of the people; but enough has been shown to suggest a state of affairs in Germany which cannot fail to work untold mischief.

The German army, then, judged by every rule that governs modern life, is in a bad way. But quite a large percentage of the ills it suffers from are curable. If the Kaiser showed in this matter a tithe of the energy and common sense that distinguish him in some other respects, he could achieve much good in ameliorating, or perhaps in utterly reforming, these conditions. Unfortunately, the Kaiser is, though in some respects progressive enough, in others a thorough-paced reactionary. There is no sign of an intention on his part to grapple in earnest with the crying evils which have been painted, but rather the reverse. His earlier ardor for army reforms has cooled. The pardons and remissions he so frequently grants to even the worst offenders, to the Brüsewitzes and their ilk, augur ill for the future. It is to be feared that some day there will be a rude awakening for Germany; for his son, the young Crown-Prince, has also been carefully nurtured in these false traditions and in wrong ideals of the past. Will it require another Jena to restore that robustness of moral fibre to the German army which was probably the most important factor that led it on from victory to victory in the gigantic struggle with France a generation ago?

WOLF VON SCHIERBRAND.

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THE TRANSVAAL—AFTER THE WAR.

BY LIEUTENANT-COLONEL F. G. STONE, R.A., LATELY RESIDENT MAGISTRATE AND CIVIL COMMISSIONER IN THE TRANSVAAL.

DEFINITIONS are to be deprecated; but, nevertheless, it is desirable for a clear understanding of the deeply interesting problems which have called and are calling for solution in the Transvaal, since the termination of the late war, that the broad political features which characterize the three South-African colonies should be recognized.

Cape Colony, the oldest of the British South-African Colonies, has for many years been a self-governing Colony; political power has been pretty equally divided between British and Dutch, notwithstanding the preponderance of capital, enterprise, and population on the part of the British. This is rendered possible by the splendid organization of the Dutch political machine known as the "Bond," and the extraordinary distribution of parliamentary seats among the constituencies, which enables one Dutch farmer to wield the same influence at the polls as a dozen British storekeepers or professional men resident in the towns.

The conspiracy to "drive the English into the sea," which culminated in the invasion of Natal by the combined forces of the Transvaal and the Orange Free State, was developed into vertebrate existence by the "Bond," and the conspirators and their friends in Cape Colony became in many cases rebels in arms against their own Government, in other cases contenting themselves with pulling the wires, assisting the enemy or opposing British interests in secret.

Martial law was, obviously, the only means of dealing with such a situation; and, no matter how leniently and justly that law was administered, it is clear that the relations between the loyal citizens and rebels could not be expected to be harmonious

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at the termination of the war. So far, indeed, were their relations from being harmonious, that, after the restraining influence of martial law had been removed, the loyal Dutch were openly and cruelly boycotted by the late rebels and their sympathizers in localities where the latter were predominant.

The recent General Election at the Cape gave a small majority to the "Progressive" party and against the "Bond," and this has proved sufficient to carry a bill for a more equitable distribution of seats. The "Progressive" majority at the next General Election should be increased sufficiently to give a stable government to the Colony for some years to come.

Lord Milner is the best hated man in Cape Colony by the "Bond" party, and for the best of reasons—he exposed their methods. A carefully organized campaign has been started with a view to undermining his influence; and it is pitiful even at the present day to hear the absurd charges which are brought against him, by persons who from their birth and education ought to be better informed, but who have allowed their judgment to be warped and their eyes blinded by insidious misstatements or the vulgar invective of a hostile party press.

Such is Cape Colony to-day, a country divided against itself, teeming with bitter animosities, disappointed ambitions and religious persecution. I know men who have been excommunicated by the Dutch Church for no worse offence than loyalty to their own Government, and I know others whose lives have been made so unbearable that they have sold off everything, at a heavy sacrifice, and started life anew in the Transvaal.

Natal before the war was essentially British, and is so still; no race problems trouble its political life; its loyalty to the Empire has never been in question, and there is no place for the schemes of "Bond" agitators.

The Orange River Colony, known before the war as the Orange Free State, was dragged into the war very much against the wishes of a very large proportion, if not of the majority, of the inhabitants. For some generations, British and Dutch had lived there side by side, and intermarried. No political question of any importance had strained the good relations which existed between the Free State and the British Government; British officials were to be found in Government appointments; and nothing could have been more cordial than the sentiments existing

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between the two nationalities. President Brand was beloved and respected by British and Dutch alike; his successor, President Steyn, did not command quite the same sentiments, as it was clear, especially in the latter days, that he was more of a politician playing for his own hand than a statesman thinking only of the welfare of his country. His alliance with the Transvaal was the first overt act which showed his hand, and which raised the curtain on the terrible drama of national suicide upon which he embarked his country to gratify his personal ambition, that ambition being nothing less than to obtain the reversion of the Presidency of a United South Africa, upon Paul Krüger's death.

I was informed by a member of the Free State Raad that, when Steyn summoned a meeting to decide on the question of whether, in the event of war between Great Britain and the Transvaal, the Free State should join forces with the latter, the majority of the members had quite made up their minds to vote in the negative, but they were so completely carried away by Steyn's impassioned eloquence that, against their better judgment, they voted almost unanimously in favor of throwing in their lot with the Transvaal.

The Transvaal was by no means in favor of war by a large majority; it is in fact doubtful whether the poll of the districts which Paul Krüger took on the question, actually produced a majority at all. The most enlightened men in the Transvaal did all they could to prevent Krüger from undertaking the disastrous adventure of a war with Great Britain. The Transvaal, however, had to accept the dictum of its Government; and, once war was declared, every burgher, whether he liked it or not, had to go into the field against Great Britain. Once committed to it, the Transvaalers fought against us with the same determination as the Free-Staters, and, be it said to their credit, they fought a fair and honorable fight.

It was most noticeable throughout the war that there was a complete absence of personal animus between the opposing forces on both sides. This, of course, does not apply to the Cape Colony rebels, who, living under the protection of our Government, were taking every opportunity of giving us a stab in the dark, or openly deserting their allegiance to strengthen the ranks of our enemies, and thus unnecessarily prolong a disastrous war which could only bring greater ruin the longer it was dragged out.

After the conclusion of peace, it was interesting to compare

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notes with the Boers whom one had previously met in the field, and to fight our battles over again in friendly discussion, without a trace of ill feeling. The war taught both sides to respect one another; and, when the lies which were circulated during the earlier phases of the war were dissipated, and repeated personal contact had caused us to know each other better, it was remarkable what a friendly feeling began to spring up in many quarters between those who were still fighting against each other in the field with the utmost tenacity and determination; on the one hand to bring things to a finish, and on the other never to give in as long as there was a round of ammunition left.

The destruction of the farms throughout a large area in the Transvaal and Orange River Colony was a military necessity; so long as the farms remained intact, each one formed a depot for supplies and even for ammunition, as well as a tactical "*point d'appui*" for the Boers.

Before a farm was destroyed, the residents were removed to the nearest Burgher Camp, or Refugee Camp. This procedure had to be adopted in the case of friends and foes alike. The farms of those who were favorable to us, or who surrendered under Lord Roberts's proclamation, were indeed generally destroyed by the Boers; but all had to be sheltered and provided for in our Burgher or Refugee Camps. These camps were scattered all over South Africa, and were remarkably well organized and managed, notwithstanding the hysterical denunciations of Miss Hobhouse.

Many of the poorer class of Boers were lodged and fed in greater comfort and plenty than they had been accustomed to, and many of our own countrywomen who had been accustomed to a much higher standard of comfort, cheerfully made the best of the inevitable, having lost nearly all they had by the war, and being only too thankful for a refuge where, at all events, the decencies of life were preserved, and the necessaries of life supplied free of cost. Excellent schools were started at all these camps, and it is permissible to hope that the instruction given to the children in cleanliness, decency, order and general knowledge, has not been thrown away. Amusements, in the shape of concerts, dances, lawn-tennis, football, etc., were sufficient for all except the most determined grumblers, and the majority of the young Boers of both sexes undoubtedly had a "better time" than they had ever been accustomed to or will ever have again. I re-

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member calling at a very isolated farm in the Standerton District, after the war, which was occupied by a widow and her daughter. I asked the girl whether she did not find it rather lonely at times, and she replied, with obvious sincerity: "Oh, I should like to be back in the camp at ——; we did have a good time there."

To those of us who served through the war, and remained for a while in the country after the war, and were in intimate touch with the life of the camps from start to finish, it seems a work of supererogation to defend the administration of the camps. It needs no defence.

I have frequently discussed the policy of establishing these camps with Boer ex-Generals and Commandants, and they condemned the policy from the military point of view, arguing that we would have brought the war to a conclusion with much less trouble and expense if we had removed everything from the farms *except the residents.* In other words, if we had deprived the women and children of the means of subsistence, their fathers, husbands, and brothers would have had to throw up the sponge.

The Boers in the field were at first ready to believe all the lies they heard about the camps. These lies came from various sources, not the least important being the deliberate inventions of some of the more bitter and irreconcilable among the women, who would stick at nothing to inflame the minds of their men folk against us.

The camps formed valuable depots at the conclusion of the war, for the purpose of repatriating the prisoners of war, their families, and other refugees.

The war was brought to a conclusion at a time when our resources in men, horses, equipment and supplies were at the zenith. Disappointment was felt among the troops that the Boers should be allowed to make any terms, when three months more campaigning, during a winter of extraordinary severity, must have brought them to their knees.

The terms of surrender made provision for the repatriation of prisoners and refugees, and for the payment of a sum of £3,000,000 to give those who had suffered in the war a fair start in life.

This grant of £3,000,000 was in no sense intended to be paid out *pro rata* as compensation for damage to property, although claims for compensation were allowed to be filed, and sworn testimony taken thereon, with a view to ascertaining the actual cir-

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cumstances of the claimants, as a guide to the assistance which they should receive.

The state of the country varied considerably in different districts; but where most of the fighting had occurred, it was an absolute waste. Thus, in the Standerton District, there was an area of between 4,000 and 5,000 square miles, including the town of Bethal, without a single house left standing or a living animal or human being remaining—except in the town of Standerton, which had been continuously occupied by our troops since the arrival of Sir Redvers Buller.

It is almost impossible for any one to conceive the magnitude of the problem in bulk, and the difficulties to be encountered in detail, which faced the British Government and the Colonial Administration. The Transvaal had become a Crown Colony, and the machinery of government was rapidly constructed, a beginning having been made from the time when we occupied Pretoria and Johannesburg and other important towns.

Resident Magistrates were appointed in every District with functions of District Commissioners, Assistant Magistrates being appointed to carry on the routine work of the Magistrate's Court in regard to the bulk of the strictly magisterial duties.

The first step to be taken was the formation of the Repatriation Depots, with a strong staff, and the collection in these depots of food, seed, agricultural implements, transport, animals for ploughing, and stone and building material. Concurrently with this, the prisoners of war were being brought back to the various South-African ports, and gradually drafted up country as the means for providing for their wants accummulated at the various depots. The families of the prisoners, who were in the different Burgher Camps, were brought up at the same time by a regular system of drafts, and distributed to their farms. Every family was supplied with tents and a month's rations to commence with, and the necessary equipment for starting life again was supplied as rapidly as it was possible to obtain it from the coast and elsewhere. Rations were continued for many months, and in necessitous cases for over a year. The difficulty and expense of distribution were naturally enormous.

At the conclusion of the war, most of the rail transport was still required by the military, and it was a long time before any noticeable relief in this respect was afforded to the civil population.

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This was due to the fact that reductions in foodstuffs and material of war required by the Field Army, were offset by increases under the head of building material for barracks. At no time was the congestion of traffic felt so acutely as during the first three months after the conclusion of peace. Transport for civil supplies had to be carefully parcelled out; and large districts, including their capital towns, such as Standerton, were compelled to depend on a total of forty tons a month for *everything,* from furniture to whiskey, from wearing apparel to bread and meat, from building material to soap. It was a case of living from hand to mouth, at a time when exceptional facilities for development were required. Artisans were standing idle in the face of urgently required works, and builders living on credit when they could command fabulous wages for exercising their trade, if only the materials could be brought to the spot.

The distribution of goods after they reached the railway station presented an equal difficulty. There is no grazing worth mentioning in the greater part of the Transvaal from June to October, and consequently no feed for transport animals; these could only be fed by imported supplies, and at first it was an impossibility to import supplies.

However, these difficulties were gradually overcome, and the conditions of life became less precarious.

The Transvaal Dutch law was fairly comprehensive, and very simple and clear. Fortunately, it had been very carefully translated into English during the war, and thus the newly appointed officials had no difficulty in carrying on the business of the courts. Gradually, some of the old laws which had ceased to be applicable were cancelled; and, at the same time, new laws affecting a vast number of subjects were promulgated, almost more rapidly than they could be digested by the hard-worked officials who were trying their best to do everything at the same time, at a period when everything claimed urgency.

Almost immediately after the conclusion of the war, the Resident Magistrate in each District submitted, to His Excellency the Governor, the names of three persons for appointment to the Commission, of which the Magistrate was *ex-officio* chairman. One of these was a representative of the "early surrenders," who came in under Lord Roberts's proclamation shortly after the occupation of Pretoria by the British; one was a representative of the

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"late surrenders," who remained in the field until the end; and one was purely British, either a Colonist, or a British subject having considerable Colonial experience. The Commissioners had two distinct functions to perform; the first being the investigation of all cases requiring immediate assistance, and the issuing of the necessary order on the Repatriation Depot for rations, seeds, agricultural implements, transport, animals for ploughing, etc.; the second function being the investigation of actual losses sustained during the war.

As regards the first, a grant in kind up to a moderate amount was made in all cases which required it, without reference to the ability of the recipient to repay it. A debtor and creditor account was, however, kept in every case, and the debit was ultimately written off against the compensation granted, provided that there was sufficient to meet it, or wiped out altogether if there were no assets available. Stock, building material in excess of bare necessaries, farming implements, fencing, etc., could all be obtained on credit, no interest being charged; even cash advances up to £200 could be obtained on similarly easy terms, without interest, the only security required being the endorsement of the promissory notes by a landowner. Larger sums could be obtained by mortgage at the low rate of four per cent. interest, the market rate being from six to ten per cent.

In every case the people had to be rationed for from three to nine months after returning to their farms, whether they were able to pay for the rations or not, and the business of putting them back on their farms, rationing them, and assisting them in rebuilding their homesteads and cultivating the land, was a very heavy responsibility. Every family was provided with the necessary tents to start with, as a free gift.

Compensation claims were dealt with under five heads.

1. *Claims of "late surrenders" for a share in the £3,000,000 granted under the terms of surrender.* These were assessed by the Commission, and an award recommended according to the nature of the case. This fund was intended to enable every one to start in life again, and in no sense to compensate every one in proportion to the actual losses sustained.

2. *Claims of "early surrenders" under Lord Roberts's proclamation.* These were assessed and an award recommended by the chairman (Resident Magistrate), assisted by a military officer:

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these were *bona fide* compensation claims which were paid out proportionately to the actual loss sustained, to the extent permitted by the funds available. The sums claimed were naturally enormous, and far in excess of what any nation could pay under the circumstances. All that the British military authorities were willing to accept liability for, was loss or damage to property actually within the area of possible British protection, and fixed property outside that area.

3. *Claims of British subjects.* These were dealt with solely by the Resident Magistrate, and his award, after approval or amendment in Pretoria, was actually paid out by instalments to the full amount awarded.

4. *Foreign claims.* These were investigated by the Resident Magistrate, and passed on by him, after taking evidence, to an official at Johannesburg, who, after consulting the consul of the Power concerned, would make the award.

5. *Native claims.* These were dealt with by the Commissioners for Native Affairs, and were exceedingly difficult to assess, owing to the impossibility of obtaining reliable evidence, and the difficulty of identification.

As a rough guide to the work generally carried out, the following figures, for the Standerton District only, will be of interest.

Within six months after the conclusion of the war, 20,000 souls were replaced on their farms: and, within fifteen months, 2,500 claims for compensation had been heard and adjudicated upon. This necessitated an actual tour of the District, and in the case of the "early surrenders," and the British and foreign claimants, an actual assessment on the spot of damage done.

The foregoing is typical of what had to be done throughout the country, though naturally in some districts, where the damage was not so heavy, the work was lighter than in others.

Among those who surrendered before the end of the war were the "National Scouts." These were Boers who took up arms on the side of the British after the commencement of the guerilla stage of the war, when no possibility of success remained to the Boers. Some of them were impelled to this course by the desire to save their country from further ruin at the hands of the obstinate guerilla leaders, who were uselessly prolonging an embittered struggle in a cause already lost; others were actuated by no other motive than the desire to draw good pay and rations.

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The feeling on the part of the Boers generally was very strong against the National Scouts, and the ministers of the Dutch Church for a long time practically excommunicated them. By degrees, however, this bitter feeling subsided, and the ministers of religion received them back into the fold when they found that the National Scouts were ready to secede from the Dutch Reformed Church and form a sect of their own.

Settlements were established on cooperative principles for the benefit of the more impecunious National Scouts, into which were also admitted any other suitable persons, irrespective of politics, provided they were willing to work.

One of the first cares of the Government, after the conclusion of the war, was to make provision for schools all over the country, as well as in the towns; the nucleus already existed in the schools which had been established in all the Burgher Camps, under British teachers. In that part of the country where the effects of the war had been most severely felt—viz., Standerton, Ermelo, and part of Heidelberg and Middlesburg and Wakkerstrom—the difficulty in starting the farm-schools was very great. It must be remembered that, over an area of many thousands of square miles, there was not a single building standing intact. Formerly, the schools (where they existed) had been usually in buildings lent by farmers for the purpose, teachers could readily be boarded and lodged, and pupils from a distance could also be accommodated in the same manner at neighboring farms, returning to their homes for the "week end." The conditions that had to be faced after the war were, however, quite different, and teachers had to go out and establish their schools on the bare veldt at any point where they were required and approved. The hardships which the teachers of both sexes had to put up with are not among the least of the contributions which Great Britain has made toward establishing a good understanding with our late foes.

The teaching in the schools is given in English, a small amount of instruction in Dutch being given also daily, and religious instruction in Dutch, if desired. As a matter of fact, the parents are not in the least anxious about Dutch being taught in the schools. The "Taal," or Cape Dutch, is a hybrid dialect, varying considerably in different parts of the country, and has comparatively little in common with the High Dutch spoken in Holland. The "Taal" does not need to be taught to children who speak it

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in their own homes, and the High Dutch is more difficult for a Boer to learn than English; it is, indeed, remarkable with what facility the Boers, especially the children, learn English, and how very pure their accent is. I have never heard any foreigner, except a Swede, speak English with such a pure accent as a Transvaal Boer. Whatever agitation there has been with regard to teaching more Dutch in the schools has been largely fictitious; the politicians and the predikants (ministers) have been the moving spirits in the agitation; there has been no spontaneous revolt against the English language as the medium of instruction, among the bulk of the people affected.

The principal difficulty in the resettlement of the country after the war, was the scarcity of labor. This was felt most acutely by new settlers, and by the more energetic Boers; such Kaffirs as there were, preferring to work (?) for an old-fashioned, easy-going Boer, who would not expect great things from his land, and would not take the trouble to see that he got an adequate return from the labor employed. The wages which had to be paid to induce a Kaffir to work were simply preposterous, two pounds a month and food, or three pounds a month without food, being the common tariff. The farming industry, the mines, trades, business, and domestic service, all suffered equally. Public works for the general benefit of the community were either carried on at a ruinous cost or, for the time being, abandoned. The causes of this deficiency in labor were twofold; many of the Kaffirs had made enough during the war to live in idleness; the money saved being invested in wives, who are the natural slaves of their lords and save them from any of the unpleasantness and discomfort attendant on hard work. The "dignity of labor" is a phrase not understood by the Kaffir, and indeed imperfectly appreciated by the Boer; the dignity of idleness is, however, thoroughly comprehended, and there is a quite sufficiently large "leisured class" among the Kaffirs to form a hereditary aristocracy.

The other cause of this scarcity of labor is the enormous demand, in excess of the requirements before the war, due to the rehabilitation of a country laid waste by war, and the impetus given in all directions to trade, industries and public works by the influx of British enterprise and capital.

The appreciation of the fact that imported labor was the only solution to this pressing economic problem, grew rapidly. The

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Boers on the farms very soon realized that imported labor for the mines meant the setting free of Kaffir labor for the land, and that the prosperity of the mines meant markets for their agricultural produce, payments in cash, and ability to restock their farms with the proceeds; and, after the lapse of a few years, the power to supply the South-African market with meat as well as with agricultural produce.

The Colonial storekeepers, who at first strongly opposed the imported labor, fearing competition in their own business, also gradually came to see things in a different light, as they sat idle in their stores waiting for customers who never came, and read the draft ordinance which was carefully framed to prevent any possible evil results, such as they feared, from following on the heels of the imported Celestial.

Even the fanatical "White League," which was supposed to represent the interest of the white working-man and trader, began to lose adherents and sink into insignificance, when its followers began to reason for themselves, and to discover that the kind of work which the white man was willing to perform could only be created by colored labor performing the unskilled drudgery.

The advocates of "cheap white labor" for the mines found little support in the Transvaal, where the conditions of life were better understood than in England. Cheap white labor for the mines would, perhaps, have been the most disastrous expedient that could have been tried; it would have meant the submersion of the white laborer in the social scale, his moral and physical deterioration, and intermarriage with Kaffirs.

The most stubborn opponents of imported labor were the Boer political party, headed by the ex-Generals Louis Botha and Smuts, and the irreconcilable Moderator of the Dutch Reformed Church, Bosman. Their argument was that such an important step should not be taken without an unmistakable mandate from the country, and that, therefore, it ought to be postponed until representative government was given to the Colony. If this argument had been allowed to gain the day, and it seemed plausible enough, the consequences would have been the starving of British enterprise and the acceleration of the grant of representative government, with the result that the first elections would be held before there could be anything like the overwhelming British majority

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in the country which prosperous economic conditions were certain to produce—in other words, it is permissible to believe that they hoped for a "Bond" majority at the polls.

The first consignment of Chinese is, however, now on its way to the Transvaal, and those who know what can be done with Chinese labor, under proper legislation, are filled with the most sanguine expectations for the future prosperity of this rich but sorely tried country.

The government of the larger towns was carried out, after the war, by "appointed" Municipalities or Health Boards; these, except in the case of Pretoria and Johannesburg, were presided over by the Resident Magistrate. They had no power to levy rates, except the sanitary rates, and their functions were necessarily limited. After an existence of fifteen months, steps were taken and powers given for the introduction of representative municipal government in all the larger towns. The preparations for the first elections were carefully made to insure absolutely fair election of the real representatives of the people; property valuation was made, and voters' lists prepared, registration papers sent out to all who were entitled to vote, and the procedure carefully explained in both Dutch and English. At first, many of the poorer classes of Dutch were very shy about filling in the registration papers, asserting that it was only a dodge of the British Government to enroll them for active service.

The absolute equality with which Dutch and English were treated in all respects, was an enigma to many of the suspicious ex-Burghers, and nothing would convince them of the honesty of our intentions. Sincerity is not one of the traits of the Boer character, as a rule; and it is, therefore, not wonderful that they should regard our well-meant efforts with a certain amount of aloofness and suspicion. We cannot expect them suddenly to drop the traditions and habits of thought of many generations, simply because we hold out the hand of good-fellowship and equality to them. Time alone will prove and is proving to them that we have no sinister designs, and those among them who are guided by their own common sense and observation, instead of being led away by short-sighted or interested politicians, are already beginning to realize that British rule is not as black as it has been painted.

F. G. STONE.

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DEMOCRATIC EXPANSION.

BY HORATIO W. SEYMOUR.

THE question whether the Philippine Islands were to be American territory or not was settled, probably for all time, when, by the votes of Democrats as well as of Republicans, the Treaty of Paris was ratified by the Senate. There is only one party issue now, and it may be expressed with considerable clearness in these words: Shall we adopt as a settled policy the British system of crown colonies in defiance of precedent, or shall we preserve and strengthen the American system of expansion under which the Republic became great and prosperous?

This is a question, practically ignored thus far by Democrats individually and collectively, which the National Convention soon to be held at St. Louis might profitably take into consideration. In the Democratic platforms and speeches which have gained attention during the last five years, generalizations on the subject of Imperialism and frank declarations in favor of a scuttle have been freely indulged in, as if there were no alternative. In no case has any man or any group of men proposed that the Government should assume toward the remote possessions of the United States the attitude which it held without variation toward all of its acquisitions preceding the war with Spain. Confusion, arising from a denunciation of Imperialism and from suggestions of an impossible surrender in the Philippines, has obscured what would appear to be a fundamental Democratic principle, viz., that democratic-republican government should and must follow the flag. From a Democratic standpoint any other policy would appear to be inadmissible. Imperialism is not to be thought of. Withdrawal from the Philippines on any terms is not to be thought of. The islands are ours, and they are not to be given up, and they are not to be governed as by a despot. Without

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reference to their distance from the mainland or to the barbarism of a large portion of their population, they are entitled to every guaranty of freedom which Americans enjoy at home.

We are face to face with a danger often predicted and, in some matters of minor importance, perhaps, actually presented—that the Constitution will be amended by the judgment of a court instead of by the orderly processes provided by law. A change of opinion by one member of the Supreme Court would have engrafted upon the Constitution an amendment more far-reaching in its consequences than any that resulted from the Civil War. With one recruit on that bench for absolutism, when the insular cases were decided, it is probable that no man now living would have seen the day when the Philippines could be more than a royal demesne, a field for selfish exploitation by favored interests, a safe retreat for political adventurers, a graveyard for American soldiers, and a dumping-place for American treasure. With one recruit for absolutism on that bench, powers would have been conferred upon the President which have no parallel outside of Russia and China. The supremacy of Congress, that is, of the people, over newly acquired territory, unquestioned for more than a century, was affirmed by the Supreme Court in these cases by a division of five to four.

The question of government for the Philippines concerns Americans quite as much as it does the natives of those islands. Are the United States to maintain anywhere on this planet a government under which no honest American would risk his life, liberty and property? How are these islands to be developed and made of use to the Republic, to the world and to civilization? What security are enterprise and capital to have there? Is labor to have its just reward, and are the weak to be safeguarded as against the strong?

There can be no future for the Philippines which any American can contemplate with pride, or in which any American not favored by some political or military ring can hope to profit, which is not hedged about on every hand by the Constitution and the laws. The danger narrowly escaped in the Supreme Court is not removed by any means. It is still within the power of ambitious men, working upon the ignorance or prejudices of a subservient Congress, to provide by legislative methods for an unlimited prolongation of the very conditions which the Court,

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so far as the President is concerned, has solemnly condemned. The Democratic opportunity is to be found in this situation. With some necessary modifications, it is the British colonial system and not the American system of expansion which we are invited by the Administration to support in the Philippines.

In its origin the British system was an imperial measure for the extension of commerce, and nothing more. The government used the resources of the people to promote the business interests of a class. It carried on wars, in which the lives and treasure of the Empire were freely sacrificed, for the benefit of trade. It gave to favored individuals and companies chartered rights to plunder and ravage in its name.

Lord Grenville summarized with great frankness the British idea of a colonial empire in the eighteenth century when he said: "Colonies are only settlements in distant parts of the world for the improvement of trade." The incapacity of King, ministers and Parliament to rise above this sordid view in the case of the American colonies, cost the Empire its fairest possessions, and taught most of its statesmen a lesson from which, in some quarters of the world, the British government has profited materially.

It is noteworthy, for example, that in Canada and Australasia the British, discarding their own policy and imitating the principles of expansion which characterized the great Republic for more than a century, have established self-governing provinces, which lack independence only in name. The colonial policy which we have asserted in the Philippines is the system of the British commercial classes, as bluntly interpreted by Grenville. It has been fastened upon the Republic at a time when the successors of the British authors of the idea are abandoning it and safeguarding the Empire by following the original American plan. The British of to-day are profiting by the wisdom of our ancestors, which we are ignoring or repudiating.

In the course of the remarks above referred to on the subject of British colonization, Lord Grenville said that the system would be intolerable and not to be considered for an instant except on the lines of exploitation which he had indicated. More than one of the controlling statesmen at Washington have declared that, if the Constitution and the laws must necessarily follow the flag into the Philippines, "we cannot get out of there too soon."

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Wherever the original British system of colonization still obtains without modification, it is supported by force at great expense. Wars are frequent, and the Empire is weakened thereby. Wherever the British Empire has any reason to believe that it has strength in men and money, it will be found that the American system of expansion has been adopted. The difference is that which always is found between tyranny and strife on one side and justice and peace on the other.

This broken-down British system it is now sought to establish under the protection of the American flag. No good can come of the attempt abroad or at home. If we shall adhere to it, we shall err with knowledge, with eyes wide open to an experience which we of all people should profit by, and with a certainty that, sooner or later, when confronted by disaster and disgrace, we shall be compelled in sorrow to retrace our steps.

If there is to be a Democratic measure for the government of the Philippines, its authors will find in the ordinance of 1787 the principles which governed the Democratic party through all the years during which that organization guided the continental development of the Republic. This ordinance providing for the government of the Northwest Territory was the first American essay in expansion. The remarkable gifts of that generation of Americans were not shown more clearly in any other matter than they were in this. The Constitution itself, which came a little later—for it is to be remembered that the ordinance was the work of the old Federation and not of the United States—was not in any one respect more notable.

Under the Articles of Confederation, which were superseded by the Constitution, no authority was conferred upon the Continental Congress to acquire or to govern new territory. That power was assumed not by the president of that body, but by the body itself. The ordinance which it adopted provided for the institution of a provisional government under the control of Congress. The governor and judges were to be appointed by Congress. The governor and his council were authorized to legislate subject to the veto of Congress. Elections for a Territorial Assembly were provided for, and, when certain conditions were fulfilled, organization and representation in Congress as a Territory were guaranteed.

More important than all these, however, it was decreed that

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the Territory should be dedicated to free institutions, that there should be no slavery, that liberty of conscience should prevail, that education should be fostered, that rights of property should be respected, that nothing should be done therein to impair the obligations of contracts and that commerce should be free forever. On these lines, every one of the five noble States which ultimately were created out of the wilderness wrote its bill of rights and attached it as a preamble to its Constitution.

A few months later, when the Constitution was drawn and the federal government was established, the only change that it was found necessary to make in the ordinance was to bring it into line with the Constitution in the matter of the appointment of officers in the Territory. Thereafter, instead of being named by Congress, they were appointed by the President by and with the advice and consent of the Senate. The Constitution expressly conferred upon Congress the power to make all needful regulations for the control of the Territories of the United States, and it is this authority, sanctioned by the precedents of more than one hundred years, which the Court, by a majority of only one, vindicated in the insular cases.

With these guaranties, the Northwest Territory did not become a field for exploitation by adventurers hanging on the favor of those temporarily in power at the seat of government; on the contrary, it became a wonderful theatre for the display of all those heroic qualities which have made the American pioneer notable throughout the world. Immigration began to flow spontaneously, and swept in mighty tides through the forests and on to the very limits of American possession, where it paused for a time, eager to resume its westward course. It subdued the wilderness, created States, established industries, laid broad and deep the foundations of religion and education, and developed a society which, for vigor and for virtue, was and is second to no other in the world.

It need not be imagined that all this would have been possible under such a government as that which is proposed for the Philippines, which is essentially autocratic, which certainly cannot appeal to freemen and holds out but a feeble hope even to the native. It would not. Free institutions attract freemen, just as autocratic institutions attract and develop favorites, adventurers and slaves. If it be urged that the government of the

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Northwest Territory was autocratic at the beginning, it is to be said that, even under the sway of the earlier governors, it enjoyed all of the guaranties above enumerated, and that there never was a time when official authority was not strictly limited by these considerations. There is a striking difference between a governor exercising limited powers and one acting, as has been the case in the Philippines, under little restraint and without a pledge of any sort as to the future.

The American system of expansion, as foreshadowed by the ordinance of 1787, was a radical departure from the British system, with which its authors were very familiar. At that stage of American development, there was little disposition on the part of men conspicuous in public affairs on this continent to follow slavishly the imperial fashions of the Old World. Then, as now, these models had their admirers and defenders; but, thanks to the intelligence and patriotism of the early Democrats, they did not prevail.

Following the august example of the ordinance of 1787 as to American expansion, from that day until the idea of maintaining dependencies after the British fashion was adopted by the Administration at Washington, there was no question by a considerable number of Americans as to the methods or the purpose of expansion. Territorial growth was to be the growth of the Republic. The growth of the Republic was of necessity to contemplate in due time, as Congress should direct, the establishment of self-governing Territories and States, all under the beneficent sway of the Constitution and the laws.

If the Philippines were not acquired for the purpose of creating American Territories and States, what was the purpose? For the first time in our history, the Treaty of Paris extended American sovereignty over new territory without a promise of citizenship for anybody. It is reasonably clear, therefore, that the Administration which negotiated that treaty contemplated a new departure in the way of colonization. By high-sounding declarations of a desire to confer great benefits upon the natives of the islands, the purpose to enlist the American people in a new and dangerous adventure beyond the seas was pretty well concealed.

Every annexation preceding that which resulted from the late war with Spain was followed speedily by action in Congress extending the Constitution and the laws over the lands thus ac-

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quired. The humblest American did not hesitate to follow the Constitution and the laws. There was no attempt at monopoly and favoritism. There was no despotism to deprive pioneers of equal opportunities, and there was a guaranty of self-government and citizenship for the future which they knew would be observed. In the Philippines, no such conditions prevail. Natives and American citizens are alike in the dark as to the Government's intentions, and they are alike oppressed by an autocracy which, unless appearances are deceitful, is better calculated to promote selfish interests than to confer advantages and opportunities upon the American people as a whole. The Philippines will be closed to the average American so long as they are held as alien territory, with no promise by either political party in this country that they are not soon to be abandoned.

Subject only to the Constitution, the power of Congress over the Philippines, as over every other Territory of the United States, is supreme. In the days of Democratic ascendency, this power was used to promote the general welfare. The Northwest Territory, Louisiana, Florida, Oregon and the Mexican cession speedily passed through the stage of appurtenant territory and became organized Territories of the United States, with a prospect of Statehood. Then, as now, there were Americans who declaimed against the policy of incorporating wildernesses and savages into our system, but they were not Democrats. Then, as now, there were Americans who favored retreat, abandonment and withdrawal within our ancient borders, but they were not Democrats.

Probably no one will assert that the development of the Republic would have been possible if, acting upon the apprehension of people in the Eastern States who could see nothing in annexation but the absorption of an alien population differing in manners, laws and customs, no provision had been made for a voting citizenship confined to those who were duly qualified. It was not the fact that everybody could vote which brought immigration to the new country, but the vastly more important and more valuable fact that its government guaranteed freedom and justice, and provided for their maintenance by opening the ballot-box to those who were qualified. It is a pledge like this which is needed in the Philippines to-day.

Even if we accept the lowest possible estimate as to the number of people in the Island of Luzon who are qualified to exercise the

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suffrage, we will find that they constitute a larger body of voters than appeared at the first elections in most of the new States in America. Five thousand white men was the number provided for in the ordinance of 1787 as necessary to the establishment of representative government in the Northwest Territory. A mere handful of men who were believed to be in touch with civilization and devotedly attached to American principles of government sufficed, in most of our Western States, to adopt constitutions which have since been obeyed by contented millions, and to establish laws which are even now in force.

Not a little of the opposition to the idea of establishing genuine Americanism in the Philippine Archipelago, is due more to the knowledge that American immigration will follow quickly upon the introduction of free institutions in that quarter, than it is to a disregard for the rights of the intelligent native population. If the few are to monopolize the opportunities which the new country affords, the work must be done while autocratic government obtains. With the American Constitution and laws in force in the islands, supported by representative assemblies chosen under a restricted suffrage, it would not be long before there would be voting precincts in that section of the Republic which would be as truly American as thousands that might be named in this country. If there is to be no popular government and no responsibility, such Americans as will be found there will be of the adventurer type, lawless and law-defying.

For these reasons, there should be no disposition in any influential circle to heed the doubts so freely expressed as to the capacity of the native population for self-government. There are people in Luzon, at any rate, who are qualified to vote. There are more of them than there were of the same class in the Northwest Territory and Louisiana when the Constitution and the laws were extended over them. On the other hand, there is not one American there or elsewhere who is qualified to govern without law and without responsibility.

Instead of heeding the emotional gentlemen who favor an ignoble surrender of territories bought with American blood and treasure, why should not Democrats reassert their historic faith, and declare in favor of a genuinely Democratic policy for the government and development of lands which are destined some time to reach the full stature of American Territories, and per-

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haps ultimately to become States enjoying all the rights and privileges belonging to the older members of the Union?

Such freedom as the American citizen enjoys is all that the Filipino can ask. We have not offered him this freedom. On the contrary, there is nothing in the policy of the Administration to justify the belief that he is to escape despotic rule. This being the case, what wiser policy can the Democratic party adopt than to declare, in unequivocal terms, its purpose, if entrusted with power, to extend democratic Territorial government, as speedily as possible, over every foot of soil belonging to the United States? This is due to the untutored native of the islands of the sea, as well as to the American citizen and taxpayer, but it is due first of all to the American citizen and taxpayer in whose interest, in the first instance, expansion should be promoted.

This is Democratic expansion as it was known in the past. It is not a pharisaical tyranny. It is not a contemptible surrender and scuttle. It is for Americans primarily, and for uncivilized and savage races only incidentally. It contemplates the creation of self-governing Territories and, possibly, States. It deals with citizens and not with subjects. It is a policy which disarms rebellion and leads even barbarians to hope.

HORATIO W. SEYMOUR.

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IS AMERICAN LITERATURE BOURGEOIS?

BY JOSEPHINE DASKAM BACON.

"AMERICAN Literature to-day, taking it as a whole, taking no account of its strangely few exceptions, is the most timid, the most anæmic, the most lacking in individualities, the most bourgeois, that any country has ever known."

This is a very hard saying. It is not only hard to believe, but it is hard to understand. And this combination of difficulties produces a third: it is hard to take seriously. However, as it is uttered in apparent good faith by an unquestionably popular writer, it must be worth consideration; for it would seem that one who knows how to please the public ought to understand the public temper of mind in more than one regard; ought, in short, to represent a certain constituency of public opinion. And in that case the most extraordinary point of view is worthy of comment.

In the first place, before taking up in detail the half-dozen divisions of the criticism in question, it seems to me necessary to suggest that the very basis of Mrs. Atherton's discussion is unsound. It is by no means a foregone conclusion that the technically artistic achievements of a nation—particularly when limited to one branch of artistic expression—should accurately typify the special genius of that nation.

"Compare it [American Literature] even with the enterprise of the four men who, with a few thousand dollars in their pockets, projected and carried to a triumphant conclusion the great Central Pacific Railroad."

In Heaven's name, why? What would the comparison prove?

"It would seem almost superfluous to wonder what would be a European's reply if one asked him what parallel he found between those of our men whom he regards as typical—such men as Roosevelt, Pierpont Morgan, Yerkes, Cleveland or even Croker—be-

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tween our imminent financial supremacy, our devouring commercial inroads, our gigantic trusts violating many laws, our colossal strikes, our utter contempt for the survival of the monarchical superstition in the Old World—and our literature. Where is the parallel?"

Where should it be? It would be so superfluous a question, indeed, that few of us are likely to hang upon the European's reply. Does any one inquire disgustedly why modern Italian sculpture does not rival in present interest wireless telegraphy? Is it a reproach to Germany that her railroad system has not impressed itself upon the public as strongly as the Wagnerian music-drama? Would we have respected the Boers more if they had invented a breakfast food?

So far as devouring commercially and striking colossally go, they are rarely coincident with literary parallels; certainly not by the hands of the devourers and the strikers. And it must be remembered that every Croker has not necessarily his Boswell; and that, even if he had, that Boswell would very improbably live in the same generation. No contemporary of Hester Prynne wrote *The Scarlet Letter;* the shadowy prototype of Gawain never chronicled the Round Table; the unfortunate (and immediate) victims of the Exodus did not devote themselves to epic descriptions of the event: they were busy complaining of the quail.

This accounts for the fact that the present attempts to found the great American novel on the last corner in wheat must invariably produce no further-reaching results than a gratifying income for the author: if that factor is to enter the enduring body of our literature, its artistic creator is not yet born. It is the past or passing type that the eye of genius just catches before it vanishes, and impresses in broad outline on the minds of the men to come.

But, even if we admitted that our imminent financial supremacy and our utter contempt for the survival of the monarchical superstition in the Old World called for an immediate literary parallel and failed to get it, it would be a far cry from this state of affairs to the condition described by Mrs. Atherton's later and more detailed statements. No one imagines that, if the nations were to be summoned to-day to the Judgment Seat, and required, each one, to express in one comprehensive word her plea for posterity's recognition, America would elect to stand or fall by her literary

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achievements. This modesty, however, does not prevent a profound assurance on the part of even the most casual reader of current fiction that much good work, yes, very good work indeed, is springing up like young saplings among, behind and underneath the mammoth editions of the best-selling books. If Mrs. Atherton has based her criticism upon these anomalies of the publishing business, much acidity of phrase may be forgiven her. It is highly improbable that any one possessed of the slightest literary susceptibility could survive with sanity, not to say composure, the successive perusal of any five books published within the last five years, whose sales have passed the hundred thousand mark.

But why attempt to survive this useless test? One may successfully lay claim to the title of epicure who has never so much as tasted one of those Threaded Grain Biscuits whose production a few years ago revolutionized the breakfast menu of our country. Eat them if you like, realize fully that thousands of boxes a day are sold, but beware of supposing them an essential characteristic of American cookery. The country is large. If our nation's commercial output must be paralleled in letters, I should say that *David Harum* balanced the Threaded Grain Biscuit very adequately.

Moreover, to be perfectly just, Mrs. Atherton is quite inexcusable if she confuses these literary epidemics, for the most part as inexplicable in origin as other epidemics, with the valuable literary output of the time. A critic is precisely an epicure—not one of the general gorgers. An epicure takes account of the truffle and the apricot: he does not condemn a national *cuisine* after a self-selected meal of unsalted potatoes. And Mrs. Atherton would seem to have done just this. If she has never read the best work that is being done to-day, she is incapable of criticism, for an obvious reason; if she has read it and failed to appreciate it, she is incompetent on another count; if she has both read and appreciated, and omitted to mention it, she is surely out of court.

I am convinced, however, from a consideration of her detailed points, that the first supposition is the correct one, and that she has merely failed to inform herself on the subject of her article. For consider the following five points into which her criticism is divided.

"Let us examine," she says, "the causes which govern the 'aristocracy of American letters.' Originality, except in the

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mildest form, we have seen, is proscribed. 'What never has been done never can be done,' may be said to be the motto of American literature."

Now, in calling Mrs. Atherton's attention to the enormous evidence to the contrary of this statement, I am going to leave out of the question entirely the admittedly great names in our literature. I am going to grant cheerfully the somewhat unusual concession she demands in the paragraph I have quoted at the beginning of this article: "taking no account of its [American literature's] strangely few exceptions." I shall not mention the work of Mark Twain and Bret Harte; the only two authors selected here for praise, though I question the right of any critic to separate from a given mass of material the best examples of it, on the ground that they are exceptions. I shall not mention the great vogue of Artemus Ward and Bill Nye, whose originality alone outweighed, to the public mind, much coarseness and banality. Nor shall I assume that Mrs. Atherton uses the word "originality" in its absolute sense. If we are to understand by the originality of a form of literature the actually first occasion in the history of man when a style or a subject appeared, our research would in all probability find itself still some distance from the earliest sources when it handled the scratched thigh-bones of the cave-men. I shall take "originality" in the simple sense of an acknowledged departure from the accepted methods, the ordinary subjects. And I shall name the first half-dozen authors that occurred to me instantly on reading Mrs. Atherton's last-quoted sentence, suggested, without catalogues or publishers' announcements, by a memory whose capacity is rather below than above the average.

Is it necessary to mention the enthusiasm that greeted *Wild Animals I Have Known?* These stories did not commend themselves through their biological accuracy: they were read and bought and praised because they were rattling good tales in an entirely new field, and their imitators are only now waning in popularity. The love-affairs of woodchucks, the psychological processes of ground-worms, are feeding and clothing many estimable writers to-day; and many a guileless school-teacher arises at dawn to peep at a sparrow through an opera-glass, listening subsequently with respectful credulity to semi-literary lectures on the social, moral and civic experiences of that unconscious bird,

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simply because Mr. Thompson's originality so fascinated us six or eight years ago.

Very recently, Mr. Stewart White, possessed by the solitary, primeval charm of the Canadian woods and the logging camp, delighted thousands of desk-chained townsmen by the novelty of the scenes he spread for them. This success was not due to his mastery of his craft, for not a few short-story writers excel him in technique, in the sense of dramatic situation, in restraint of style, in choice of words. Moreover, he demands a large measure of the easy forgiveness of the city-dweller for that more than occasional gush that, since Rousseau, has invariably accompanied the conscious modern's return to nature. But even the critical-minded forgave him this—for his work was new. Any one who has ever paddled a canoe into the middle of a ten-mile lake has ample material now for a back-to-nature novel.

Still later, Mrs. Martin captured the public heart with one of the most successful collections of short stories recently published. Why did every one fall a victim to the charms of little *Emmy Lou?* It was not because the author possesses an intrinsic felicity of phrase, or because her outlook on life is at all broad, or deep or stimulating. If we are to judge from the opening instalments of her first serial, which are unmarked by one distinguishing feature, this writer has mistaken the power to describe accurately characteristics and situations well known to her for the possession of constructive imagination. There was even nothing unusual or extraordinary in Emmy Lou or her surroundings. Many people who had actually shared her experiences, which were for the most part wholly objective, could have found nothing in them but the recapitulation of their own school-days. But this was precisely the striking originality of the series. To unfold the painfully acquired education of a perfectly ordinary, lovable, middle-class little girl, with no claim upon our attention but her simple humanity and its childlike acceptance of that strange business, life; to offer her childish experiences, not as the prelude to a problem novel, but as an end in themselves; to dare to suggest that, though neither an immigrant, a Jew, a member of some strange religious sect, nor an inhabitant of some tiny last-generation rural hamlet, her sturdy little personality was worthy of chronicle, was indeed an innovation. And it has met a deserved appreciation.

Again, while it is difficult to claim a distinct originality for Mr.

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Booth Tarkington's *Monsieur Beaucaire,* it is almost equally difficult to find a literary fragment of its delicate proportions with which to compare it. Even though it was dramatized, it cannot be called a historical novel. It does not deal with that extraordinarily disagreeable social *milieu* naïvely described by the novelist of the Middle West as "American life." Its workmanship has been easily, if not too frequently, matched by other tales whose reception has not been half so loudly acclaimed—and why is this? Because *Monsieur Beaucaire* was a departure, a new effect.

To what does Mrs. Atherton attribute the immense vogue of Mary Wilkins? Not to the information she gave us of the New England character. She did not discover this field. To say nothing of Mrs. Stowe in her generation, Miss Sarah Orne Jewett before Miss Wilkins, and Miss Alice Brown after her, have given us a saner, better balanced, more sympathetic treatment of New England life and spirit; in many cases, too, through the medium of a richer, more cultivated style, a maturer diction, than the author of *A New England Nun.*

What was the first claim, to both critical and general attention, of these famous sketches? Their amazing novelty. This author, unlike the first-mentioned four, excepting, perhaps, Mr. Tarkington, based her success quite as much on novelty of method as on freshness of material, and stands in consequence head and shoulders above them artistically; but she unquestionably owes her first brilliant reception, on whatever deeper and more enduring foundation her reputation with posterity may rest, to her originality.

In connection with this first canon, Mrs. Atherton describes "one of a number of stories which are still fresh in my mind. One, by a popular magazine writer of long standing, is about a girl who went from San Francisco to Chicago in a Pullman car and returned. This is all that happened." Though I do not recall, from this somewhat naïve summary of its plot, the story in question, I am not sure that it is quite fairly dismissed. It makes one wonder if Mrs. Atherton would describe the book of Job as the story of a petulant old gentleman unfortunately afflicted with boils, from which he ultimately recovered? In this connection, too, the fact that a story by Gelett Burgess—and one that was quite unworthy of him, at that,—was the best that this critic could find, or believes that any one can find, "not only in the best of current novels, but in two bound volumes of any one of the

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big magazines," makes one curious as to what magazines she reads. That any one should be confined to a story by Gelett Burgess for "a single grace of phrase, a fine thought, careful or distinguished writing," places the genial author of the *Purple Cow* in a new light to most of us. It is pleasant for Burgess, but hard on the other young men who have worked at the short story during recent years, with more generally recognized results.

However, this severe critic admits the existence of "perhaps four or five regular contributors to the magazines who write with distinction, and conform admirably to all the canons of the short story." This is, indeed, as she says further on, "something to be grateful for." It is, in fact, when one considers it a little, perhaps higher praise than Mrs. Atherton, to judge from the context, quite realizes. To write with distinction, and conform admirably to all the canons of the novel, for instance, would not be a bad ideal for a popular novelist.

The second canon, "that this world is not as it is, but as it ought to be," may seem to the logical mind to conflict slightly with a further exposition of it, which describes American writers as "spending their years comfortably describing the little life about them, adding nothing whatever to the knowledge of mankind. . . . They mildly interest people who are used to them, and can get nothing else."

Now, it is necessary to state that, after this paragraph—which abounds in statements of this kind: "It [American literature] is as correct as Sunday clothes and as innocuous as sterilized milk" —and after much complaint of the realism and "littleism" of our novels and stories, together with some previous remarks on Mr. Howells, one is reluctantly forced to the conclusion that much, if not all, of Mrs. Atherton's severity is called forth by what may be safely described as the least exciting work of the Dean of American letters. It does not require much audacity to admit that Mr. Howells has not reached, in all his books, the level of *Indian Summer* or *A Modern Instance*. But this and many more such criticisms were all made some years ago, when many of the most popular writers of to-day were in short petticoats and knickerbockers; and the great influence of *Silas Lapham's* creator has long since been so thoroughly assimilated that it is far less marked than the recent trail of Kipling. What was the year of the two bound volumes of the magazine that Mrs. Atherton read?

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I am going to suggest for her perusal three stories recently written by Americans, each one of which I consider to have added directly to the knowledge of mankind, and to show the world, not as it ought to be, but as it is. One of them is called *The Note.* It is one of a series of short stories, *Dr. Lavendar's People,* by Mrs. Margaret Deland, and deals with life in a quaint, aristocratic, old-school village—a kind of American Cranford. The second is called *The Golden Ford.* It is one of a collection, *Red Saunders,* by Henry Wallace Phillips, and deals with cowboy life on the Western plains. The third is called *The Desert.* It is one of two short stories, published together, by Arthur Cosslett Smith, and deals with life in an obscure oasis of the Desert of Sahara.

The first concerns the relations of four men, springing out of their intimate connection with a pathetic, sordid little village tragedy of the kind that was old when Babylon was new. If ever a scene was laid in a *milieu* presumably "as correct as Sunday clothes and as innocuous as sterilized milk," it is this one. But, unfortunately for Mrs. Atherton's somewhat surprising point of view, it is not necessary to "see the world" very extensively to realize that the human nature inhabiting it is very much of a piece; and that bitter family pride, cruel obstinacy, starved affections, good-natured vulgarity and broad-hearted, indomitable loving-kindness will act and interact as intensely and inevitably in a tiny rural community as in the most picturesquely cosmopolitan district. Consequently, Mrs. Deland is enabled to show us emotions and situations neither correct nor innocuous, but, through the medium of an art so restrained and simple, displaying a breadth of view so tolerant and sympathetic that the sordidness of the situation is lost in the distinction of the treatment.

The second, which details a few experiences of two occasionally idiotic, often indefensible and always irresponsible miner-cowboys, surpasses, in its general hell-for-leather jollity and its particular pervasive humor, any story of anything of its kind I have read since Huckleberry Finn ran away. Compared with *Red Saunders* *The Virginian* of many editions is, indeed, very nearly sterilized and certainly innocuous. But then, *Red Saunders* is admittedly the hero of several disconnected episodes, and *The Virginian* is only disguisedly so. If in reading this story Mrs. Atherton can find any hint of life as it ought to be, she will have proved herself more studious of American fiction than her recent criticism indi-

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cates. But she will find an immense amount of broad-gauge, well-ventilated human nature in it and a larger proportion of quotable humor than this appreciation has room to include.

The third is a love-story of Arabs in the desert. It is direct and simple, with that simplicity of diction which may deceive the mass of ordinary readers, but which could not fail, one would suppose, to impress one of the author's fellow craftsmen with an intense admiration for its subtle art of selection and incision. It has no more concern for conventional morality than *Solomon's Song* or *Without Benefit of Clergy*. It is impossible to mention Sunday clothes or sterilized milk in connection with it, so far are its calm implications of primitive passions and civilized vices removed from these articles. Its delicacy of style and play of epigram surpass the other two tales, and its foreign setting might impress the inexperienced with the fact that its author had more notably "seen the world"; but its technique must chiefly recommend it to the trained observer.

Now, I must insist that I am not unique in my utter lack of personal experience of the three utterly different settings of these three stories—selected, by the way, easily and immediately on the basis of their excellence, and not with a view to their geographical range. I have never lived in a town like Old Chester, or on a ranch, or an oasis in the Desert of Sahara. Many of us, even if we were possessed of Mrs. Atherton's expansive ambition for "seeing life from its peaks to its chasms," couldn't, to use an expressive phrase, quite get around to it—in one incarnation, at least. So these three authors added appreciably to my knowledge, besides giving me great pleasure by the exercise of their technical skill. It is not, emphatically, that I am "used to them and can get nothing else." I can get anything else I want to, more or less, like most of us who have the use of our eyes and a dollar and a half.

I have discussed the second point of this criticism somewhat at length because its examples serve admirably by way of reply to the next in order: "A third canon, which is indeed but a part of the second, is that fiction to be literature—American literature—must be anæmic."

It is impossible to discuss at length this sentence and the still more extravagant one that follows it, because of the haunting and inevitable conviction that Mrs. Atherton has not read very much

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American fiction. If *The Note* and *The Golden Ford* and *The Desert* and, for that matter, the other tales in the books which they represent, are anæmic, then I am as ignorant of the meaning of the word as most of us are ignorant of the precise meaning of "*bourgeois*" in the present connection.

In case Mrs. Atherton has read anything of merit since Cooper and Poe, but has not quite reached the last decade, I will go back a little and inquire if she thinks *Posson Jone* anæmic? It is true that Mr. Cable has fallen a victim to that last infirmity of noble minds, the mysteriously entitled historical novel, where his friends must regretfully abandon him; but one need not on that account forget his good years, and *Posson Jone* alone, to say nothing of *The Grandissimes,* will surely add something to Mrs. Atherton's knowledge—if only of American literature.

Is Miss Woolson's *Jupiter Lights* anæmic? Are any of her best short stories?

Colonel Carter of Cartersville may not prove so enduring a type as we once thought, but is he anæmic?

Did Mrs. Atherton find *The Story of Gallagher* anæmic?

This catalogue might be prolonged by any average reader, but to what purpose?

The fourth canon I can only quote, for I am prompt to confess that, though I am perfectly acquainted with the meaning of the separate words, in combination they convey absolutely no idea to my mind:

"A fourth canon is what might be called the fetish of the body. Magazine editors, their confederate publishers, their writers and readers, deify the body, grovel in the dust before it. It never has done and can do no wrong. . . . Let the brain rot. The brain is invisible and insignificant. Let the mind close its doors to the best of literature, to the immensity of life, but let it keep its physical framework even as a little child."

Now what on earth does this mean? What is "the fetish of the body"? I know several magazine editors and their confederate publishers, I know some of their writers and many of their readers; but I never saw one of them deifying this mysterious article or grovelling in the dust before it, and, what is more, until she is more definite, I shall not believe that Mrs. Atherton ever did.

"A fifth canon is that sleep must not be disturbed nor even the nerves titillated."

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It is quite unnecessary to discuss this, as the only proof adduced is the statement that a gathering of "demi-fashionable people" once declined to have read to it a "briefly tragic" and "rather terrible" story, on the ground that "there might be sensitive ladies present whose nerves would be distressingly affected." It is to be hoped that the author of this brief and terrible tale took steps to get it before the reading public, in default of the appreciation of the demi-fashionable gathering!

We now come to a heavy indictment of "the prosperous family authors," who, their implacable critic assures us, "are all good family men, who eat well, rarely drink, and are too dull to be bored with their own wives." It is not only safe to say, but comforting to realize, that all men, married or otherwise, eat as well as they can. Or is this an original fashion of suggesting that Carlyle was great because he was dyspeptic? But how can Mrs. Atherton possibly know that "these arbitrary creations of the leading publishing houses and their magazines" rarely drink? If this is an example of what is called internal evidence, it is an interesting one, to say the least. And if they *are* too dull to be bored with their own wives, then how—but I suspect that we are verging insensibly from literary criticism as such. To return to the following assertion that "each could do the other's work and never be detected": Does Mrs. Atherton really seem to see Richard Harding Davis writing Henry Harland's books with any verisimilitude?

"To be great, it is above all things necessary to develop your ego," she continues. This idea has been shared most notably by Marie Bashkirtseff, although more recently by a young countrywoman of ours named Mary MacLane. Each of these young persons developed her ego to the exclusion of most other things, and it is only fair to them to add that the only people known to have surpassed them in this regard are the comparatively indistinguishable inhabitants of our leading insane asylums, which furnish many and varied examples of the results of this propensity.

It is a pleasure to find among all these baffling generalities one or two final definite statements. When Mrs. Atherton announces that, "no writer with a real gift and with a real ambition has any business with a home, children, the unintermittent comforts of life which stultify and stifle," at least we see where she stands—though not, perhaps, why she stands there. When she asks, "If

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a man has the gift to write, to create,—the greatest of all gifts,—what more does he want?" the answer is very easy, because the question is so perfectly clear. The experience of the world has proved that such a man wants everything more that this gratified and grateful world can give him, and that the first things he sets about getting are a home and children—and the unintermittent comforts of life, if he can, though neither of the former acquisitions affords any certainty of the latter. A writer with a real gift and a real ambition may have no business with these things, but from the time of David the Psalmist he has done his best to get them, and almost uniformly succeeded. And, such being the deeply rooted tendency of human nature, it is improbable that contemporary criticism of it will affect the present or the future generations much more deeply than, in the nature of things, it can affect the dead and gone.

When our critic goes on to say that it is difficult for women to take life impersonally, no one of the thousands who have said it before will deny that she is within her rights. But when she goes on to lament the further improbability of her sex's "developing the strength of brain and ego triumphantly to override every convention and always remain high and dry, always the spectator, whom no circumstance can affect," one is disposed to congratulate these "miserable victims of their own personalities" on their disabilities. Personally, I admit freely that the only objects I have ever met or heard of, of whom it could be said that they "remained high and dry, always the spectator, whom no circumstance could affect," are some of Bulwer Lytton's heroes and the mummies in a museum.

Mrs. Atherton makes but one other and final remark that directly challenges comment; but that one, in view of the extraordinary manner in which she follows it up, it is impossible to pass over, since it illuminates so vividly her curious method of criticism.

"Who cares to-day," she demands, "that Poe was a drunkard, Coleridge an opium-eater, that Byron had forty mistresses, and George Sand forty lovers?"

As a matter of purely personal taste, if the works of George Sand are to be attributed in any degree to her having had forty lovers, I wish she had had either eighty, or none at all. But as far as Poe is concerned, I regret exceedingly that he was a drunk-

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ard, as did his friends, acquaintances and publishers. When I read the best of his unique work and then observe into what hysterical flightiness it is capable of degenerating; when I consider his early and tragic death, and his hampered and unhappy life, I devoutly wish that some less valuable writer might have inherited his misfortune in his stead, and left him free to make one of our greatest names greater.

When I reflect on those of Coleridge's lines that are unsurpassed in English poetry, and realize how few those lines are—but why continue in this vein? Mrs. Atherton herself, in a somewhat dizzy turn, after tolerantly assuring us that "excess is not necessary," and that "many of the greatest men in literature have been sane, and careful of themselves,"—which explains, probably, why George Sand is not forty times as great as George Eliot, and why Wordsworth had at least forty per cent. of Byron's inspiration—confuses, if she reassures, us by asserting that "the temperaments that demand artificial stimulation pay a bitter price, *and, what is worse, limit their contribution to art*"! So we may infer that Mrs. Atherton, like the rest of us, "cares that Poe was a drunkard and Coleridge an opium-eater."

And here, in a totally unexpected and unaccountably ascetic diatribe against the use of coffee—a mine of resource to the manufacturers of the probably valuable cereal beverages—this extraordinary criticism closes. Just, to state it strongly, as we begin to feel that Miss Jewett's art could be improved by a course of slumming, or at least a slight addiction to morphine, we find ourselves wondering what Mark Twain might have accomplished if he had never tasted coffee!

At any rate, even if all American fiction is anæmic, some American criticism escapes that adjective. Might we not call it, rather, apoplectic?

JOSEPHINE DASKAM BACON.

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A FOREIGN ESTIMATE OF MR. ROOSEVELT.

BY ANGLO-AMERICAN.

THE characteristic of President Roosevelt is that he is always wanting to do something; the characteristic of the American Constitution is that it is a sort of conspiracy for doing nothing. To me, at least, the ceaseless, subterranean conflict between these two characteristics has been the most interesting feature of the Presidency of Mr. Roosevelt. He is a man who, with an unresting instinct for leadership and domination, finds himself cribbed, cabined and confined by an office that makes leadership on any large scale almost impossible.

The Sages of 1789 framed the Constitution under the dread of a strong Executive. Whatever else the President might be, they took good care he should not be a George the Third. They were morbidly on the defensive against the evils of "one-man power." Accordingly, the functions and authority of each power in the State were so limited that no one person, no one body, is capable of leading either the nation or the legislature, or of framing and pursuing a continuous policy. Each organ of government—the Executive, the Legislature, the Judiciary—is made a jealous observer and restrainer of the others. Nobody has even a comparatively free hand. The framers of the Constitution, I have always thought, accomplished more than they intended. They divided the Executive from the Legislature so firmly as to make each not only independent of the other, but in a sense hostile, and therefore weak. The connecting link which in England goes under the name of the Cabinet they either missed or did not appreciate. In the quiet times which have ordinarily been the lot of the Republic, I do not know that much inconvenience has resulted from the rivalries of this triad of authorities. Some great questions, the currency for instance, which under a more positive form of govern-

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ment would have been settled long ago, have been merely tinkered at. But many rash schemes of legislation have been squashed, many hot-headed Presidents held in check, many successive Houses "taught their place." It is when the country is face to face with some national peril, and immediate action becomes imperative, that the Presidential system of 1789 shows its defects. At all such times Congress practically abdicates. This was what happened during the war of 1812, the Civil War, and the Spanish-American War; and there is really no choice in the matter. An autocracy in times of emergency is the price America has to pay for her checks and balances in ordinary times.

It is, therefore, extremely difficult for an Englishman to appraise with any accuracy the extent of the President's authority. From one aspect, he seems to have more real power than the German Emperor; from another, one might argue that his influence on legislation is considerably less than a British Premier's. Even when his party commands a majority in both Houses his power over the actual course of legislation depends almost wholly on the good-will of Congress. He may recommend everything, but he can direct nothing. Neither he nor his Cabinet Ministers sit in Congress or hold any recognized communication with it except through the medium of written messages. I have even noticed that an appeal to the known wishes or opinions of the President is resented as dictation. The President, it is true, has his veto, and that is a powerful weapon, for defence at any rate. It is in attack that he is tied and hampered. His Presidential Messages may point the way, but neither he nor any one can insure that it will be followed. Congress in all such matters is its own master, and the success of any Administration depends on the harmony that exists between Congress and the Executive.

This is as much as to say that the qualities most useful to a President in the discharge of his office are those rather of a diplomat than of a leader; and that his success will be more in proportion to his skill in the small arts of managing men than to his capacity for framing schemes of legislation and insisting on their being carried. The type of Executive to which the Constitution naturally inclines was excellently exemplified by the character and method of Mr. McKinley. Mr. McKinley appeared to subordinate everything to the maintenance of harmony between the two ends of Pennsylvania Avenue. He oiled the machinery

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of Government with a loving and imperturbable patience, and the wheels ran with an ease unknown since Washington's first term of office. His was a cautious, persuasive, accordant nature. He hated to say No. Outside of Protection, he had few interests and fewer convictions; none, perhaps, that he would not have felt it a duty to sacrifice at the bidding of the people. He accepted fully and heartily the doctrine that the President should follow and not attempt to lead public opinion. Great things happened during his Presidency, but he can hardly be said to have presided over them. Once convinced of what the people wanted—and his instinct in such matters was all but infallible; he knew his countrymen as Palmerston knew Englishmen—Mr. McKinley would work overtime to see that they got it. His ways of dealing with Congress were such as sprang inevitably from his conception of the Presidential duties. They were those of adroit persuasion. He consulted everybody, humored everybody, put himself frankly in the hands of his friends, made the utmost use of patronage as a gentle weapon of conciliation, and usually reached his goal.

The American Presidency is a very human office. Its influence depends at least as much on the man who occupies it as on its Constitutional prerogatives. Unless it be the Papacy, I know of no office in which personality counts for more and opinions for less. The accession of Mr. Roosevelt meant a change, not because his policy differed from Mr. McKinley's, but because in character, disposition and their instinctive views of Presidential functions, the two men stood at opposite poles. As politicians, they were in agreement to a degree rarely, if ever, attained by a President and a Vice-President; as men they were fundamentally dissimilar. The contrast between the new Executive and the old was so sharp as to be almost revolutionary. I do not wonder that the conservatism of America involuntarily shuddered when it compared the present and the possibilities of the future with the placid and frictionless past. Even in Europe there were some misgivings. People suspected Mr. Roosevelt of a tendency to jingoism; they recalled some outbursts of ultra-Bismarckian frankness on the Monroe Doctrine and on the Alaska difficulty; they knew that he was the only living ruler who had led a regiment on the battlefield; and they had read in his books some rather elementary panegyrics of war as a healthy national exercise. It was not, therefore, without uneasiness and a certain expectancy of

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lively times ahead that Europe, and England especially, watched Mr. Roosevelt's accession. I am bound to say that this uneasiness has now completely vanished. It took William II. ten years to live down the nervousness which his elevation to the throne of the Hohenzollerns inspired. It took Theodore Roosevelt just one year. We recognize in him a new and more determined force in foreign affairs, but not a bellicose force. Viewing him simply as an American President, it struck Englishmen that he was a reversion to an older type—the type that prevailed more abundantly before the coming of the Boss, and when merit in a Presidential candidate was considered of more importance than "availability." Mr. Roosevelt interested Englishmen particularly because he seemed to belong rather to the English than to the American order of public men. Long before he became Vice-President, we knew of him as a mighty hunter and a good all-round sportsman. We watched him in Cuba doing all the brilliant, reckless and Quixotic things that attract the applause of the populace. We watched him again in the Governorship of New York, bending the "machine" to his will with consummate ability and courage. We knew that he was a college man, with a good lineage behind him, a gentleman both in the right and in the technical sense, and a man of independent means. We have always felt an affinity with Mr. Roosevelt; we can imagine him taking part in English politics just as he is; we detect a greater congruity in him with English public life than we ever discerned in Presidents Harrison, Garfield, McKinley or Cleveland. Mr. Sydney Brooks, dwelling on this in a recent number of *Harper's Weekly*, said:

> **"If he [Mr. Roosevelt] were an Englishman people feel that he would have explored every inch of the Empire, shot all the big game to be found in it, won his Blue at Oxford or Cambridge, kept a pack of hounds, written some slashing books on Wellington and Nelson and the heroes of the Indian Mutiny, captured De Wet, annexed an empire or two, and made his mark in Parliament as a progressive Conservative. People here feel they would know what to do with Mr. Roosevelt, and I dare say Mr. Roosevelt feels he would know what to do with them."**

One of the reasons why Mr. Roosevelt would succeed so well in English politics is that the instinct for command is innate in him. He has a natural gift for exhortation, instruction, telling people what to do and think. He cannot help leading. I do not

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mean to imply that this quality in any way unfits him for American public life. On the contrary, the force of its attractiveness is peculiarly felt by Americans, who are an emotional people, always ready to exalt any man who rises even an inch above the undistinguished multitude, swiftly responsive to a touch of firmness. They will follow a leader, when they find one, farther than most nations, and forgive him, as they forgave Grant, almost anything. In politics, especially, the man who trusts to his own strength and will fight to the last for his convictions, commands their instant homage. Mr. Roosevelt has this quality of political courage to a degree that Cleveland did not equal and Lincoln did not surpass; and with the masses it is the sheet-anchor of his strength. But the politicians, with their natural preference for a "manageable" President, do not like it, and I am not sure that the Constitution wholly approves of it. It has, at any rate, been obvious enough that Mr. Roosevelt by coercion has not been able to accomplish as much as Mr. McKinley by persuasion. That his methods are more inspiriting to watch can hardly be doubted, but whether they are so successful in getting things done is another and more dubious question. Take, for instance, the Cuban Reciprocity Treaty. I immensely admire the fight he made on its behalf, but I can scarcely doubt that Mr. McKinley would have achieved the same result without any fight at all. Mr. Roosevelt was mandatory, vehement, almost belligerent in his advocacy of the measure; Mr. McKinley would have coaxed it through Congress with barely a rub. On the other hand, had Mr. McKinley by some miracle failed at the first attempt, I question whether he would have tried again. With Mr. Roosevelt, to fail once is simply to make success a certainty the second time; and nothing could have been finer—remembering that his Presidency had but just begun and that its success absolutely depended on keeping the party together and avoiding friction with Congress—than the way in which he stuck to his guns, rallied public opinion to his side, and eventually forced the Legislature to do his bidding.

One of Mr. McKinley's greatest successes was his loosening of the bonds that tie the Southern States in an unhealthy and wholly factitious alliance to the Democratic party. Mr. Roosevelt, by some acts of almost gratuitous clumsiness, has restored that alliance in all its old rigidity, and in doing so has aroused a bitterness of racial passion in the South unequalled since the horrors of the

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Reconstruction Period. Here, again, it has not been so much the thing done as his abruptly irritating way of doing it that has caused the trouble. Mr. McKinley would, of course, have been incapable of any such disastrous blunder as the Booker Washington lunch; but Mr. McKinley appointed far more negroes to office than Mr. Roosevelt has ventured to, and yet, roughly speaking, no one took any notice of it. I cannot, at a distance of three thousand miles, even attempt to explain why a policy pursued by Mr. Roosevelt should appear so much more obnoxious than the same policy when pursued by Mr. McKinley. But I suspect that the cause of it will be found to be not unconnected with the value of manner in politics. Mr. Roosevelt has little of the appreciation of manner that Mr. McKinley cultivated. He has none of his predecessor's suavity and suppleness, none of his extraordinary skill in reconciling, humoring, persuading—in short, none of his great personal and political tact. To a man, indeed, who sees what he sees clearly and instantaneously, who feels what he feels with almost physical intensity, who is about equally compact of positiveness and emotionalism, tact probably seems superfluous, and the exercise of it a waste of time. Hints and paraphrases and the tedious waiting while stupidity makes up its mind, are not for him. But I should not call him an impulsive man. He is a man of impulses and they are strong and vivid, but they rarely get out of hand or succeed in breaking through his background of solid Dutch caution and level-headedness. That he has to keep a constant watch over himself and his emotions is true enough; but it is also true that he all but invariably succeeds in doing so. Mind and feelings work side by side in him and at a speed that the average man finds it difficult to keep up with. But feelings alone are never his guide; still less are mere theories. It has always been the characteristic of Mr. Roosevelt to mingle altruism with practicality. He recognizes facts with a candor abhorrent to the hypercritical mugwump. In some ways, I do not know a more thoroughly "practical" politician in all America, unless it be Mr. Croker. The "strenuous life" he used to be so fond of talking about is, I take it, simply a life of honest, active endeavor in any sphere. But to meet with Mr. Roosevelt's approval it must also be a life that is regulated by judgment and good sense. His own temperament is essentially Whiggish, content to advance a step at a time, inexorable on vital points, but never yielding to the

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extremists. His books reflect him with unmistakable precision. The prose is hard, confident, metallic, without light or shade, yet strong in its rush and resonance. He moves swiftly along the road of clanking commonplace. I do not suppose that in all he has published you will find a single original or a single stupid idea. His mind is both inquisitive and acquisitive, thoroughly sane, not shallow, but certainly not deep, healthily non-creative, a good, wholesome bludgeon of a mind. Nor is it only the man's mind that appears in his writings; the man himself is equally obvious, in all his clean-cut openness and straightforward sincerity.

It has often been said that one of the best tests of a President's character is to be found in the appointments he makes. Judged, then, by the quality of his appointments, I think Mr. Roosevelt must rank among the most capable and public-spirited Presidents in American history. No President has so persistently eliminated "politics" from his nominations, none has been more unbending in making efficiency his sole test; and none has held Senators to a stricter account for the proper use of their prerogatives. I cannot see that he has in any way trespassed on the Senatorial preserves or attempted to usurp any of the powers vested in them by the Constitution. What he has done is to insist on a new and higher standard by which those powers are to be exercised. In that attitude, inflexibly maintained, he has shown equal courage and judiciousness, neither foregoing his Constitutional rights nor stretching them, neither appearing as a slave to party nor superior to it. Indeed, it would be difficult to say where Mr. Roosevelt has failed on the administrative side of his office. No President ever brought to the discharge of his Executive duties anything like Mr. Roosevelt's varied experience and thorough qualifications. I would not claim for him the sole credit for the remarkable records which Mr. Root and Mr. Moody have achieved in their respective Departments, nor yet for the excellent start that has been made with the Bureau of Commerce and Labor; but the tone and capacity of the public services have immensely improved in the last three years—in spite of the Post-office scandals—and for much of the improvement Mr. Roosevelt's own spirit and example must be responsible.

Turning from matters of administration to those of domestic policy and legislation, the centre of interest, for an Englishman, is naturally shifted to Mr. Roosevelt's "campaign" against the

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Trusts. The spectacular nature of that campaign forced the attention of all Europe; as to its intrinsic value, opinions differed. Personally it seems to me that the popular agitation on the subject had reached a point where it could no longer be ignored; that if Mr. Roosevelt had attempted to ignore it, the Democrats would at once have turned it to account; that the course he actually steered was a judicious mean between the intemperance of Bryanism and the fearfulness or indifference of some of his own followers; and that if the panic about the Trusts has now largely passed, the reason is to be looked for in the calm spirit, the courage and sanity with which Mr. Roosevelt tackled the problem. By persisting in and finally carrying his demand for "Publicity," Mr. Roosevelt has not only stolen the Democratic thunder, but warded off the danger that the Trusts would be dealt with in a moment of frenzy or in a spirit of blind vengeance. That is to say, he has perfectly justified his original statement that his movement against the Trusts was a movement really in favor of Capital, of Labor and of the public interests. If the Trusts are no longer a "vital" issue, it is Mr. Roosevelt whom the Wall Street magnates should thank; and their gratitude should be all the greater when they reflect at what little cost to themselves the President has contrived to appease the public mind. On the other hand, I think the best commercial opinion of England has pronounced against Mr. Roosevelt's action in the Northern Securities case, on the ground, first, that a railway consolidation is, from the point of view of public interests, a very different thing from an ordinary industrial amalgamation; secondly, that the process of railway unification has immensely promoted the convenience of the travelling public and has brought security to the railways, to investors and to the shippers of goods; and, thirdly, that the effect of the Northern Securities decision on the two railroads concerned was, for all practical purposes, *nil,* that their special relations will continue to be as intimate as ever, and that all that was destroyed was the financial form in which those relations were expressed. I confess to a good deal of sympathy with this reasoning. No sensible American, I apprehend, wants to go back to the days of cut-throat railroad competition with its permanent waste, furious rate-wars and their concomitant evils of rebates, discriminations and systematic favoritism. Everybody recognizes that unity and stability in service, rates, fares, time-tables and so on

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are the true principles of a good railway system. The Sherman Anti-Trust Act unhappily recognizes nothing of the kind. It denounces every arrangement between companies to fix rates, for instance, as a combination "in restraint of trade." No matter how reasonable the arrangement might be, or how much the public might benefit by it, the law condemns it. The true moral, in my opinion, to be drawn from the Northern Securities decision is not that the Sherman Anti-Trust Act should be enforced, but that it should be altered. As it stands, it is simply a relic of the competitive age lasting on into an age of consolidation. It may create uncertainty and disorganize business temporarily, but it cannot restrain or even hinder the deep-seated movement towards amalgamation. It is possible that, before very long, all the railways of the United States may be found grouped together in some ten or twelve systems. It is possible that from this stage they may pass into the ownership of the Government. What is not possible is that they should ever split up into the tangle of ill-connected and desperately competing lines from which they have emerged. Congress would do better to recognize this at once, to grant the railroad companies a greater legal freedom, and at the same time take stricter precautions against their abuse of it. Mr. Roosevelt justified his resurrection of the Sherman Anti-Trust Act by urging that, the law being on the Statute Book, he was bound to enforce it. That is a lawyer's quibble, not the argument of a statesman. If that view obtained, no law would ever become obsolete. He is apparently unconscious of any intermediate stage between the enforcement of a law and its repeal.

Englishmen, who do not live under a written Constitution, have little inclination for political pedantry. They could not, therefore, sympathize with the Democratic attacks made upon Mr. Roosevelt for his intervention in the coal strike on the ground that it was unconstitutional. To Englishmen, the Presidential office never seemed to display a higher usefulness than at that moment. Their only wonder was that intervention had been so long delayed. Neither could they support the capitalists' plea that Mr. Roosevelt's action would "increase the arrogance of Labor and fill it with the mischievous notion that the President was its special protector." If Labor really felt any temptation to wax "arrogant," I conceive that Mr. Roosevelt's decisiveness in the Miller case must have made resistance easy. It cannot be fairly charged against

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Mr. Roosevelt that he has discriminated against any section or any class in the country. The scales, sometimes, one suspects, in spite of great provocation, have always been evenly held. Nor has he ever shirked a problem or tried to sidetrack it—unless, indeed, it be the Tariff problem. Englishmen naturally could not subscribe to the President's dictum that the Trust question and the Tariff question were entirely distinct, and they have seemed to detect in his various remarks on Reciprocity, Revision and the rescue of the Tariff from party politics a certain lack of his usual earnestness and practicality. The only act of his, however, they have seriously condemned was his recent Pensions Order. That struck Englishmen as a thoroughly pernicious measure for which no excuse was visible. It seemed to strike so decisively across all the principles for which Mr. Roosevelt had been supposed to stand and to augment so wantonly the greatest scandal in American public life, that for the first and only time people began to have their doubts, to wonder whether Mr. Roosevelt was really the reformer he seemed, and to ask if he too had descended to the level of "playing politics."

I have left myself little space in which to deal with Mr. Roosevelt's—or should it be Mr. Hay's?—policy in foreign affairs, and can only say that in all the incidents that have cropped up during the last three years—the Venezuelan mess, China, Panama, the Monroe Doctrine, Alaska and the Russo-Japanese war—American policy has won the heartiest admiration among all classes of Englishmen by its dexterity, its decisiveness and its admirable adaptation of means to ends. The suspicion of Anglophobia which attached to Mr. Roosevelt when he stepped into the White House, has long since been dissipated. We have, indeed, come to look upon him as a statesman whose influence will supplement that of Mr. McKinley, Lord Salisbury and Lord Pauncefote in hastening the inevitable day of Anglo-American cooperation in more than one field of *Weltpolitik*. I need scarcely add that England can hardly conceive the possibility of Mr. Roosevelt's defeat next November. He towers head and shoulders above all his Democratic rivals except Mr. Cleveland. He has proved himself an administrator of absolutely the first rank. Englishmen simply take it for granted that Americans will think twice and thrice before they part with such a man.

ANGLO-AMERICAN.

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THE NEW HELL.

BY GEORGE T. KNIGHT, PROFESSOR OF CHRISTIAN THEOLOGY IN TUFTS COLLEGE.

ST. JOHN the Revelator saw "a new heaven and a new earth"; but it was reserved for the prophets of the present day to declare a new hell. The new differs from the old in two respects, according to standard authorities, first as to the number of inhabitants, and secondly as to their condition. Father Taylor, who, though an orthodox preacher, was an admirer of Emerson, said: "If that man should go to hell he would change the climate, and emigration would set that way." As a matter of fact, however, the movement of population has been in the other direction, and the great change in meteorology has come about through a cause not mentioned by Taylor, the increase of kindly feelings outside the place.

Some years ago St. George Mivart wrote a series of articles on "Happiness in Hell," according to Roman Catholic doctrines. The articles were afterwards condemned by the Pope and the Congregation of the Index; but whether they were condemned because Mivart's statements were untrue, or simply because they were inopportune, or for some other reason, does not appear. At any rate, the writer seemed to have made it clear that, within that great and in many respects liberal Church, there is nothing to forbid the opinion that a measure of happiness is granted to the lost, nor, until the Congregation acted, was there anything to forbid the publication of such an opinion. How large a number of the members of the Church avail themselves of the privilege of holding this faith, we do not know; though Mr. Mivart received from his brethren testimony that he did not stand alone.

In several of the Protestant churches there is a greater freedom of speech, and we may know more exactly the state of opinion. There is a great flood of altruism or sympathy rising in

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the community, and modifying opinions and practices in all departments of life. It is not merely that public charities are now flourishing as they never flourished before, and hospitals are daily increasing in number and efficiency. The fact is that human character is changing, and human opinions are involved in the change. Witness the manifold expressions of brotherly feeling between the religious sects; and, still better, the common view that regards this more kindly sentiment as an important advance in Christianity itself.

The student of history perceives in all this a sign that the church is becoming more and more conscious of a tendency or influence that has long been at work, especially in the modification of doctrine.

One of the most manifest changes of opinion wrought by sympathy was that concerning the salvation of infants who die without baptism. A few centuries ago, at the time of the Reformation, there was, we are told, only one man of note who taught the salvation of unbaptized infants. Calvin, Luther, and the great ones generally, held that all children of the heathen and so many of the children of Christians as were unbaptized were sent to endless punishment in hell. In the present day, so great has been the revulsion that all agree in the contrary doctrine. Practically, no one questions that all children are saved. What has wrought this great change in opinion? There is no more evidence now as to the destiny of unbaptized children than there was then. The change is due to the growth of tenderness for the little ones.

This single change of doctrine has reduced by one-half the number of those consigned to perdition—consigned by *men,* I mean, of course. And all people are glad of it.

The number of the lost is being still further reduced by both Roman Catholics and Protestants. Certain of the former have pointed out that the doctrine of "no salvation outside the Church" has been overstated. To begin with, the Church has made no such authoritative declaration as that salvation is limited to its own members. On the contrary, it has taught doctrines that seem to many to imply the salvation of great multitudes of non-Catholics.

As for Protestants, there is still to be heard on occasion a thoroughgoing expression of the old doctrine, but a more common opinion, even among conservatives, is reported in the words at-

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tributed to Dr. Patton of Princeton. He said (according to report) that the number of the finally lost will probably be in about the proportion of those now confined in prison on earth. Dr. Briggs, who is reckoned somewhat less conservative, says that the number will be "inconsiderable." And it is by extending "probation" to the future world, as Luther did, or by some substitute for the Roman Catholic doctrine of Purgatory, that provision is made and opportunity is given for doing so much more than the church on earth can do.

Taking them together, there are in all churches a great number who have extreme opinions in this direction. Dr. Hensley Henson says: "We no longer really believe the appalling doctrines which fill our theology, endanger our creeds and linger in our ritual." The general liberality of the Anglican Church, which he represents, is well known. Some, like Dr. Gordon, state the subject hypothetically: "If God shall succeed, all will be saved." Some prefer the statement of Dr. Bradford, President of the General Convention of Congregationalists: "We know not, but we do not see how any one can hold out forever against God, when the fulness of his divine glory is revealed . . . . and therefore we *hope, as a duty*."

In short there seem to be, among people in general, four states of mind with reference to this subject. The old doctrine of endless punishment still appears in some books; the doctrine of the annihilation of the wicked has also many advocates; a large number are quite non-committal and do not know which way to turn; and, finally, there are many expressions of the larger hope. Among thoughtful Protestants in Germany, France, Great Britain, and America, it is not clear which one of the four states of mind is most largely represented—though in America there is no doubt that endless punishment is commonly taught, or at least held. But the number of those who are to be subjected to its discipline is no longer the great majority of the race; it is rather "the proportion of those now held in prison," or even some smaller estimate.

Concerning the state or condition of the lost, the change has been quite as thorough as concerning the number of them.

As long ago as St. Augustine's time, it was a common opinion in the Roman Catholic Church that punishments in hell are graded according to the offence, and that even intervals of rest or

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mitigation of torments are occasionally allowed by a gracious act of pity on the part of God. And some have dared to suggest that, in process of time, the Supreme Judge may ordain that the mitigation shall become permanent.

In the strenuous days of the Reformation, however, and among the leading Protestants, no ray of compassion lighted up the darkness of their thoughts of the Pit. To the question whether the blessed in heaven will not be saddened by seeing their nearest and dearest ones tortured in hell, Luther answered: "Not the least in the world." Jonathan Edwards said: "The view of the misery of the damned will double the ardor of the love and gratitude of the saints in Heaven." Andrew Welwood thought: "The saints will be overjoyed in beholding the vengeance of God." Samuel Hopkins expressed the opinion that the sight of hell would be "most entertaining" to all those who love God, and would give them the highest and most ineffable pleasure. The great Dr. Bellamy capped the climax by an elaborate calculation, based on science and philosophy, in which he estimated that the happiness of the blessed in heaven would be increased 9,600,000,000 times on account of the misery of the damned.

After this, there was a reaction. Indeed, at the very time when men were saying such things, their own natures were beginning to protest against their theology. "Jonathan Edwards's congregation used to listen to him with tears and sighs and groans and beating of the breast, in sheer horror at his words; and the preacher himself was filled with anguish at the pictures of hell-torments which he conceived it his duty to set forth." "I sink under the weight of this subject," exclaimed Saurin, in his famous Sermon on Hell, "and find in the thought a mortal poison which diffuseth itself into every part of my life, rendering society tiresome, nourishment insipid, and life itself a cruel bitter." The revulsion, the beginnings of which good men felt in those days, has now, a century or two later, become itself a ruling element in theology. The pendulum has swung to the other extreme. The several forms of expression of this dominating principle remain now to be indicated.

First, we may notice (for passion and hyperbole beget their kind), that the former doctrines are now often condemned as criminal. Dr. Farrar, after detailing the opinions of certain men, some of which are quoted above, says:

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"These wanton exercises of the imagination assume the aspect of deadly blasphemy against Him whose name is Love. . . . We can scarce refrain from the question which one has asked: 'What crimes of men can merit the endless tortures here set forth, except the crime of conceiving such tortures, and ascribing the malice of their influence to an all-wise and holy God?' . . . The belief in such horrors and blasphemies is the worst enemy of the faith and the immediate parent of atheism, of wretchedness, and of despair."

Dr. Briggs says:

"The preachers preach the damnation of the heathen; and the hearers hear and accept. But they do not believe it in their hearts. If they did they would be more worthy of damnation than the heathen themselves—unless they should at once give their whole lives and their property to the missionary cause."

Long ago, John Wesley had said, "Calvin's God is my Devil!" and now there are many who say the same of Wesley's God. And these new opinions are expressed, not merely by Universalists and Unitarians, but by members of orthodox or conservative churches—who alone are here quoted.

Another form of reaction is that of those who, while they are aware that the anticipation of future torments has been overworked as a motive in religion, yet do not so vividly realize the offensiveness of the old doctrines, and are therefore inclined merely so far as to shun the subject of future punishment. R. W. Dale said:

"The traditional theory of the endlessness of sin and suffering has lost its authority. . . . The appeal to fear is being silently dropped."

One writer says that in his theological seminary the subject of hell, being the last in the course of theology, was never reached in the class-room, and therefore never really studied by the young men; and afterwards they seldom mention the subject in their pulpits. For some reason, most theologians habitually shrink from declaring themselves on questions relating to the future state. It seems true also that those who have outgrown both the excessive appeal to fear and the reaction to silence, who have reached a golden mean of rational use of fear as a motive, are rather to be found with the liberals than in the regular and orthodox communions.

Lyman Abbott has said that some of the most vigorous pre-

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sentations of the severity of God's judgment are those which are spoken from Universalist pulpits. And it is related that, a few years ago, a distinguished conservative official was sending out a missionary, and "charged" him with these words: "Whatever you do, do not preach hell-fire; preach the love of God." On the other hand, in a neighboring Divinity School of the liberal order, the students are advised to learn the language of anathema (in which they have not been brought up), by reading such works as Jonathan Edwards's sermon on "Sinners in the Hands of an Angry God," "that you may know how to preach the awfulness of sin and the terrors of hell." It seems that the thoroughgoing liberals have matured their convictions, and have established due relations with the facts of moral government; while the conservatives are yet in transition, and being somewhat under the influence of terrible anticipations, they have, in many cases at least, fled too far away from the objects of their fear.

In other words there are in the church at large many excellent spirits who have so vigorously reacted against the excesses of past theology as to lose sight of the truth there was in it. When, therefore, with a holy zeal derived from their spiritual ancestry, they preach the new dominating principle of love towards even sinners in hell, they weaken their cause, by understating or even quite overlooking the fact of the severity of God as manifested in what we know from experience of his moral government.

This tendency is illustrated in a multitude of expressions; though we must here confine attention to a few samples which may indicate the state of opinion. To begin with the more moderate, there was at least a glimmer of new light in Cardinal Newman's phrase: "Penalty is ordained as a *good* in itself." And many have accepted such a conception as Dr. Fairbairn's (if a newspaper report be correct), that "the love of God forbids both endless punishment and annihilation of the wicked"; or Dr. Farrar's, that "retribution in this world and in the next is both merciful and just." New ideas, however, begin to be manifest when Dr. Samuel Harris of Yale declares that "God is as benevolent in punishing as He is in saving"—in other words, He is as benevolent in hell as He is in heaven.

But even these words only begin to indicate the extent and quality of God's tenderness towards sinners, as taught by a considerable number of the leaders of theology to-day in England

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and America. Something of their mode of thought may be shown by such a sample as follows. It is argued that Christ, "a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief," is a perfect representative of God to us, and therefore God is Himself a being of sorrows and grief; and that Christ came for the purpose of declaring this unto men. For the nature of love is to suffer with the beloved. It is love that "suffereth long . . . . beareth all things, believeth all things, endureth all things," and it is therefore the greatest of all things. Therefore, says Dr. A. H. Strong: "Christ always suffers with us. He (who is God) began to suffer when the first sin was committed; and he will always suffer so long as men sin" here or hereafter. Apparently, all the pains of hell are, by sympathy, God's own pains, as truly as man's. The "endless torment" of man will be the endless torment of God also. The doctrine of a suffering God is an old one, in some of its aspects, but here its import is newly realized; and it seems to reach certain chords of the human heart that vibrate to no other touch.

Naturally, the theory as to the quality of the punishment in hell is adapted to this view of the temper of God. As everybody knows, the notion of literal fire in hell has long since disappeared; and even expressions to the effect that the "figurative" fire (if we may so call it) will be more terrible than the literal, are not often heard or are modified by associated ideas. Thus Roman Catholics teach that the essence of eternal punishment is the loss of the "Beatific Vision" of God. But we must suppose that evil men are rather glad to lose that vision than otherwise. Indeed, according to the Church a large number of those who "suffer" this loss are perfectly happy according to their nature, and (in Mivart's words) "they no more desire to change their state than oysters desire to become butterflies."

But not to speak further of the Roman Catholics, who are probably not great offenders in this regard, I call special attention to the Protestants who, for a positive doctrine of punishment, put forward such as the following from Dr. Dale:

> "By sin we forfeit our access to God through Christ, and are left in appalling loneliness and desolation. . . . The supreme penalty of sin is the loss of our original and ideal relation to God."

But this kind of penalty is just what the sinner likes. He prefers to be left alone by God, he wishes to be rid of the "original

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and ideal relation to God." If you hold up to him such consequences of sin, you hold up only an additional attraction of sin.

I am far from pretending that these expressions are the only ones used by the authorities, but rather that, by their prominence in modern preaching, supported as they are by associated ideas, and uncorrelated with certain indubitable facts of moral law, they form an insufficient support of moral and spiritual life. The old ideas being laid aside, or if used being discounted by the hearers because they are ungenuine, and the new ideas being fragmentary, "half-baked" (as the metaphor is), there is no spiritual food adequate to sustain a vigorous religious life.

Once, in former days, when a strenuous preacher waxed eloquent on the severity of God, a cry of pain came up from the pews: "Oh, Dr. Emmons, Dr. Emmons, has God then no pity at all?" So in these days, one is often moved to cry out, Has God then no justice at all?

In short the New Hell is often made so pleasant that it is liable to be chosen by bad men as a place of residence. Its inhabitants will not long be "an insignificant few;" "emigration will surely set that way" whenever the character of the climate shall become generally known.

The thing to be desired as a remedy for the backboneless condition of some modern theology, is not unlike the good old orthodox doctrine of fear and the sense of justice executed—lest hell become like some of our "reform prisons," which, by unintelligent zeal in goodness, are made so comfortable and honorable as to fail of the purpose of prisons. Perhaps, indeed, there is evidence that the limits of excess are already reached. For a large number of the liberal orthodox, while their sympathies are fully alive, and they preach God's infinite tenderness in dealing with offenders, yet also as plainly and forcibly declare His equal and exact justice, the certainty of retribution in this world and in the next. Intelligence and conscience may be trusted to do the rest; that is, on the one hand, to clarify the doctrine with reference to mischievous associations, and, on the other, to fill out its meaning and give it definite expression, and thus to set forth a proper and efficient conception of divine government.

G. T. KNIGHT.

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THE SON OF ROYAL LANGBRITH.

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

PART VII.

XXX.

LIFE is never the logical and consequent thing we argue from the moral and intellectual premises. There ought always to be evident reason in it; but such reason as it has is often crossed and obscured by perverse events, which, in our brief perspective, give it the aspect of a helpless craze. Obvious effect does not follow obvious cause; there is sometimes no perceptible cause for the effects we see. The law that we find at work in the material world is, apparently, absent from the moral world; not, imaginably, because it is without law, but because the law is of such cosmical vastness in its operation that it is only once or twice sensible to any man's experience. The seasons come and go in orderly course, but the incidents of human life have not the orderly procession of the seasons; so far as the sages or the saints are able convincingly to affirm, they have only the capricious vicissitude of weather.

Anther had been in charge of Hawberk's case for twenty years; and, though he had always forbidden himself to despair of it, he had long ceased to hope for any final cure. He was used to changes for the better and changes for the worse in Hawberk's habit, and to the psychological consequences when he limited his indulgence and when he lapsed again into his debauch. Under it all, though the man's character was deteriorated or ameliorated, his temperament remained fundamentally the same, and Anther had never ceased to feel the charm of his gayety and his goodness, which, as they reappeared in Hope charmed and deeply touched him. Hawberk's recovery had become personally indifferent to him, so far as it concerned the hopes he had once built upon it; but the girl's joy in it gave poignancy to the fears that had replaced his hopes. In a reasonable forecast of the effect, Hawberk must return in his self-restoration to a full sense of the reality concerning the wrong done him by Langbrith; and in place of the delusion he had promoted in the helpless mendacity of his habit, he must know and speak the truth. There had already been hints of such an eventuality: hints that sickened Anther in the thought of the time

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when he would have welcomed them, and that made him tremble for the misery which the truth must bring upon Hope, through her love for the man whose father had so pitilessly wronged her own. Anther had believed that he wanted justice done. This had been his argument with Judge Garley; it had been his suggestion to Dr. Enderby. It ought to avail him in any emergency, but now it did not avail him, and he accused himself of having cared for the truth only in his own interest, as the truth would have promoted it with Mrs. Langbrith against her son.

What did avail him in the course he must pursue was his sense of professional duty; amidst all the moral confusion, that was clear. He ought to have no question but of the recovery of his patient, and he tried to fix his mind upon this, and not let it stray to any question of consequences. He did his best to keep his study of the case physiological, and not to concern himself with those psychological aspects which Hawberk himself found more interesting, and which he was fond of turning to the light in his visits to his physician. With his escape from the terrors of his opium nightmares, he found a philosophic pleasure in noting facts from which even the physician was aware of shrinking.

Once, toward the end of summer, when they had been "taking stock," as Hawberk called it, of his symptoms, and he was exulting in the reduction of his laudanum to the equivalent of three grains of morphine a day, he said: "The most curious thing about it is that I seem to be doing a sort of Rip Van Winkle act, and waking out of a dream of twenty years or so. It's a dream that's been going on steadily all the while that those little one-horse nightmares have been cavorting round, with green dwarfs on their backs, and playing the devil generally; and this steady dream has had a good genius in it that I'm beginning to have my doubts about, now that I'm waking up. It seems to me that Royal Langbrith wasn't such a friend of mine as I've been trying to make out. What do you think? Or did I put this up on you once before?"

"Not just in so many words."

"Well, I wasn't certain. Royal Langbrith seems to have a better grip as a good genius when I've been dipping into the laudanum pretty freely, than he does when I've kept to the medicine and the tonics. I have my ups and downs about him. But what do *you* think of him in the capacity of a good genius?"

"As I told you before, Hawberk, that's something you've got to work out for yourself."

"And if I've worked it out that he was an infernal scoundrel, and was ready to say so, what are the chances that folks would believe it?"

"The chances would be against you, with your past as an opium-eater."

"They could say it was another of my pipe-dreams?"

"You would have to bring the strongest sort of proof."

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"With every one?"

"What makes you think now that you were mistaken about him before?"

"Look here, Doct' Anther, what do *you* think about Royal Langbrith?"

Anther suddenly perceived that he had a duty toward Hawberk not contained in the duty of a physician to his patient: the duty one has to a man whom one knows to have been wronged. "I?" he hesitated. Then he plunged. "*I* think he was an infernal scoundrel!"

Hawberk laughed, queerly. "Don't you *know* he was?"

"Yes, I *know* he was." The truth was open between them, and each was astonished at the effect the open truth had on himself.

"What," Hawberk parleyed, with a smile as queer as his laugh, "should you say we'd ought to do about it?"

"I don't know," Anther candidly avowed. "Once I should have known."

"So should I." And now Hawberk roared with pleasure. "But I guess that devil has *got* us now. I've seen the time when I wanted to go into the cemetery and dig him up and burn him, but I don't know as I do now. What do you say, Doct' Anther? Let bygones be bygones, as the fellow said about his old debts when he started in to make some new ones? Still, it does gravel me when I think of that tablet in the front of the library. I was looking at it as I came along down. Kind of pathetic, too, when you think of Jim. How did they ever keep him in the dark about his father?"

"It happened naturally enough. It rested with his mother; and, when the time came for him to know the facts, the time for her to tell them was past."

"I see. A good deal as it is with me now. You might almost say that devil had planned it out to have his boy make it up with my girl, so as to stop my mouth for good and all. First off, after I lost my wife, I used to think I should like to make him suffer for the lies he threatened me with. I wanted to kill him. Well, what's the use? Somehow, I don't feel that way now. I don't want to revenge myself, and I don't believe she'd want me to revenge her. Curious!" Hawberk reflected, with a pause, in view of the interesting predicament. After a while, he said, "How that devil must have chuckled when he saw me up there, with the other leading citizens that day, dedicating that tablet to his memory! But, Doct' Anther, there's something I can't get through me. I can understand why *I* should be there. *I* was game for anything, when I was filled up with laudanum; but I don't see how you came to be celebrating the life, death, and Christian sufferings of Royal Langbrith. Never did *you* any harm, did he?"

"Not while he lived," Anther said.

"Kind of fetched you a back-hander from the grave? Well, I don't want to ask you what it was, but I should like to ask how you

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came, knowing all you did about him, to let Judge Garley and Dr. Enderby in for their share in the proceedings. They any notion of the peculiar virtues of the deceased?"

A painful flush overspread Anther's face. "I felt it my duty to tell Judge Garley as soon as I found that the scheme had taken shape in James's mind, and he held the legal view of it. He was duly warned, and I have nothing to blame myself with there. I don't feel so easy about Dr. Enderby. I am afraid I let a personal motive influence me in withholding the truth from him until it was practically too late for him to withdraw. I can't decide how much he wished to spare me in arriving at the conclusion he did. He agreed substantially with Garley that no good could come of exposing Langbrith at this late day, and much harm might come. Besides, James was to be considered."

"Ah!" Hawberk said. "That's where *I* come in. What about James? Hadn't he ought to know about it? Hadn't I ought to have it out with him before he marries a daughter of mine?"

"Dr. Enderby thought that no one should tell him now; that no one could, without interfering with the order of Providence, without forcing God's purposes, as he put it. The truth could come out fully only when it could come out naturally, necessarily, inevitably."

Hawberk fetched a long, deep sigh of relief. "Well, that lets me out. I was feeling my way in that direction, I guess. I guess Doct' Enderby is right. Any rate, I'm going to let the thing rest for the present. I'm satisfied with what I've got. It wouldn't help me any, and it wouldn't help Hope, if the whole thing was out. Let the damned thing be, *I* say, and that's what I understand Doct' Enderby says: maybe not just in the same words. I don't know as I should exactly want Hope to marry Jim Langbrith, without he had been told something about it—say enough to understand that there wa'n't any flies on me when I was put out. That's only fair to Hope; I don't care for myself. But if there's an order of Providence, I'm willing to wait for the procession. Yes, I'm willing to wait and see if there *is* any procession. If there ain't, it'll be time enough to start one. Well, Doct' Anther," Hawberk said, putting out his hand to the doctor as he rose, "I don't want to holler before I'm out of the woods, but as far as I'm a judge, you've saved me, body and soul. I don't know how you feel, but I should be glad to swap my feelings for yours, whatever they are. Yes," and Hawberk broke down with his laugh from the height of sentiment he had reached; "I don't know but I'd be willing to swap Royal Langbrith's feelings for yours, this minute."

Anther could not refuse to join in his laugh, but he felt it right to put in a word of caution. "We mustn't brag about your case. But I'll say that I've hopes of you that I never had before. It now rests with you, mainly. If we pull through together, I'll be glad to swap feelings with you. We won't say anything about Langbrith; he mightn't be willing to trade."

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"Not without some boot, you may bet," Hawberk shouted, with supreme joy in the joke, as he went out of the doctor's door, where the doctor stood looking after him, not unhappy for himself, as he ought logically to have been in contrasting his hopeless life with the life that was beginning anew so hopefully for Hawberk, and with something of the peace that passes understanding in his heart.

XXXI.

John Langbrith continued to talk of going away. Upon the inspiration of meeting an old acquaintance whom he asked where he had been keeping himself of late, and who answered that he had been in Japan, John Langbrith began to think of going round the world, as a little experimental journey, since a man could go to Japan and back without being noticed. He asked Anther what he thought of circumnavigating the globe as a remedy for nervous dyspepsia, and the doctor told him he did not think it would be bad. Then John Langbrith said he had half a notion to go out to Paris, and see James; there had never been much affection between them, but John Langbrith considered that James could get him a comfortable boarding-place, where he could stay while he was picking out some German spring to go to more permanently. He asked Anther if he did not think some of those German springs would be good for him. Again Anther said that he did not think it would be bad; and this suggested giving Saratoga a trial. John Langbrith could go to Saratoga for a week before the season ended, and he shaped his business so that he could put it in the hands of a young subordinate, with instructions to reach him by telegraph if needed, for he could return at a second's notice; and he actually went. At Saratoga he drank impartially of all the waters, at all hours of the day, without regard to diet, and came home worse, if anything, than he went, but somehow with a sense of renewed energy.

He took hold with so much force that, before the snow flew, he had, as he phrased it to Anther, got round to a little back of where he started. Then the doctor indulged a sentiment of something like poetic justice, in suggesting a means of relief for John Langbrith from one side of his work, and of benefit for another patient.

"Why don't you split up your responsibility?" he asked. "Shoulder the business half yourself, and let Hawberk look after the manufacturing. He needs something to help keep him out of mischief, and he is able now to take hold of the paper-making and run it as well as ever he did. He hasn't forgotten how to use his own inventions, I guess."

John Langbrith's jaundiced eyes emitted a yellow light of appreciative relish. "Lord! Make Royal turn in his grave—what there's left of him *to* turn! Do you mean to say you could put any dependence on Hawberk?"

"Why not? It would be merely a mechanical exercise of his faculties, and it would occupy him and keep his mind off the opium."

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"Lord!" John Langbrith said again; and after a moment's muse, he said, "Send him round," and so took himself away with a galvanic activity that supported him in his automatic progress toward the mills.

Hawberk had much the same sardonic pleasure as Langbrith had shown at the notion of his being re-instated in his old charge; but it was sweetened to something better by the virtues of temperament in him. "Now, Hope," he bade his daughter, after the first day's experiment had justified the confidence with which he entered on his work, "you write to James about this. He'll like to hear about it, and he'll like to hear about it from *you*. And you tell him it was Doct' Anther's idea. He'd ought to like that, too, and the doctor'd ought to have the credit of it, anyway. If I should make a slump, later on, I'll take the credit of *that*. But I guess there ain't going to *be* any slump."

The few spectators of Hawberk's experiment who could witness it with a fully comprehensive intelligence of the case, regarded it according to their respective natures. To the community at large, it had the interest of something miraculous—something between rising from the dead and returning cured from an inebriate asylum. If anything could have rendered Hawberk a more dramatically notable member of society than he had been as an opium-eater of twenty-five years' standing, it was his novel quality of reformed opium-eater. This gave him a claim upon the wonder of every stranger who came to Saxmills, and it conferred the right on every citizen to point him out to the sojourner in his going and coming. This fascination of the fact extended itself to Hope, when she happened to be seen, and to the house where the Hawberks lived.

The general belief was, that the thing would not last; and this was the particular belief of Judge Garley, who owned his scepticism to Dr. Anther, with some tendency to an amiable criticism of Anther's share in the affair. He had seen so little of reform, in his acquaintance with the law, he said, that he was shy of it wherever he saw it. But he was willing to give it time; it never took much time. Perhaps, though, he suggested, this was a case not so much under the law as under the gospel. If that was so, he would like to know if the doctor really believed in the supernatural.

"No," Anther said, "only in the natural." And this was, substantially, the answer which he opposed to Mrs. Enderby's secret wistfulness regarding a fact which she beheld as with clasped hands, uncertain how, as a church-woman, she ought to feel toward miracles post-dating those of Scripture. She would have liked to feel the hand of God in the tardy and partial retribution of a man cruelly wronged; and it is doubtful if she thought the rector quite level with his spiritual opportunities in his preference of Dr. Anther's theory, that the unexpected was one of the things always to be looked for in the practice of medicine. What measurably consoled her was the tender seriousness of her husband in the whole matter—

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the brotherly affection which he showed Hawberk in the relation which he was able to form with him, as a man doing a man's part in the world's work after long uselessness, and the delicacy with which he forebore to recognize that there was anything novel in this performance of duty by Hawberk. She was peculiarly touched when he proposed that they should have Hope and her father to supper, and she promised that she should be forever ashamed that she had let her husband think of it first.

Mrs. Enderby atoned, as far as she could, by asking Mrs. Langbrith and Dr. Anther, but neither of them could come, and she wasn't sorry that they had the Hawberks alone; with retrospective prevision she perceived that anything else would have been overdoing it. She found Hawberk very entertaining. He talked frankly of getting back to his old work in the mill, and he tried to make her understand an invention he had hopes of perfecting for the "Dandy Roll," as he called it, so that the water-marking of paper could be done at an immense saving of time and money. He explained to her that the words, or designs, to be water-marked had now to be put in by hand with bits of fine wire, and sewed on a cylinder with fine metallic thread; but he was trying to make a Dandy Roll on which the design could be changed as easily as if it were a section of type in a printer's form. It was very luminous while he talked, but it all faded away afterwards, and left in Mrs. Enderby's intelligence only the words "Dandy Roll," which had a queer fascination, together with a sense of Hawberk's dignity and enthusiasm about it.

Hope was gay, as always; but it seemed to Mrs. Enderby that she was not so gay as she had sometimes seen her, when she had far less reason to be so. There was a shadow of anxiety in her beauty which Mrs. Enderby wondered never to have found there before, and a sound of anxiety in her lovely tones unheard before. She thought she could see the girl closely following all her father did and said; but perhaps it was only the effect in her of hopes not cherished till now, naturally betraying themselves in anxieties. As a matter of fact, Hope had no reason to feel anything but joy in her father's restoration to his old usefulness. There was no poison of a gratified vengeance in her heart, for it was agreed almost tacitly between Hawberk and Anther that no good could come of her knowing, for the present at least, the outrage of the past. "Time enough," her father had gone so far as to say, "for Hope to be brought into all that when we see that it's got to come out generally. I don't know as I should feel just right about letting her keep on with Jim, if she was one to blame a man for what she has to suffer instead of for what he has done. Any rate, till we see our way to telling Jim, I guess we'd better keep dark with Hope, heigh?"

Whatever might have been the full mind of Dr. Anther, he assented to Hawberk's decision, though he had to hold to it against

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counter reasoning that searched his deeper nature or his complexer conscience. It was not finally strange to him that this reasoning should have come from one whose peace was more intimately involved than that of any one but Hope herself. Anther must long ago, if it had not been for his tenderness of her, have owned that Mrs. Langbrith had shown a moral cowardice concerning her son, which was hardly less than a culpable weakness; but he defended her to himself, because he perceived that weakness could never be culpable. He might as well blame any of the feeble creatures which she made him think of for not being strong, and he was not ready with praise for the unexpected force which she showed, where he took her weakness for granted. He merely reflected that he had not taken into account the pity of women for women, when one of them has been able to put herself perfectly in another's place, and to ignore in behalf of their sex's helplessness the other claims of nature. A sense of this awed him at Mrs. Langbrith's refusal to acquiesce in Hawberk's notion of what was best to be done in regard to Hope. At first, she had seemed to acquiesce in it, as something that superiorly concerned the father and the daughter. Then one day, suddenly, she went to Anther, and, not finding him, she left a message of peremptory entreaty for him; and they found themselves together, in the early falling twilight of an autumn day, in the dim parlor where their middle-aged drama had already seemed to play itself out.

"I can't let this go on, Dr. Anther," she said, traversing any pretense of greeting between them when he appeared. "Mr. Hawberk is making a mistake. Hope ought to *know*. She ought to be *told*. James is his father's *son*. He may be *like* him. He may make his wife suffer what his father made me suffer. How do we know what he is doing there in Paris, now?"

She was a woman of few words, and in these few she had compacted her suspicions, her reasons, her conclusions; and, though she pressed them upon Anther with hysterical nervousness, he had to respect the sense there was in them, as well as the anguish there was behind them.

He could only parley, for a beginning. "He is *your* son, too, Amelia."

"And what if he is?" she retorted. "What is *me* in him will be crushed out by what is *him* in him," and Anther saw that she had thought it better than she could speak it, though but for her erring grammar it was spoken well enough.

He said, "I should not fear for her in her marriage with James. She is a stronger character than he."

"That was what I said when I began to think of it. But the weakest man can make the strongest woman suffer things worse than death; and I don't care whether there would be any suffering or not. There would be wrong. She has a right to know. Her father has no right to keep her from knowing. Why, it's wicked!

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What will she think, what will he say if she doesn't find it out till afterwards?"

"He can say that he didn't know himself. She will not blame him, at any rate."

"That isn't enough. She has got to have the right to say now she will not marry the son of such a man. Will you tell her?"

Anther reflected. "No, Amelia," he said, "I don't think that I will tell her."

"Why?"

"Because I have only the relation of her father's physician to her. If I could have had another relation to her," and Mrs. Langbrith winced at the implication, so that he felt sorry for it, "I might have been justified in telling her. As it is, I don't."

"Well, then," Mrs. Langbrith said, desperately, "*I* will tell her."

"Before you tell *him*?"

The question daunted her; it was necessary, but he realized its cruelty as well as its necessity. She gasped inarticulately; the unfalling tears started into her eyes. She had, as he saw, reached the limit of her small strength. It must be days or weeks, possibly months, before she could gather force for a new effort.

Anther tried to say something consoling to her; he succeeded only in saying something compassionate, which did not avail. "You have taken away my chance," she said, and he would not take from her the slight stay she found in her resentment.

XXXII.

Anther noted in himself, with curious interest, the accomplished adjustment of the spirit to circumstances that once seemed impossible, and the acceptance of conditions which before had been intolerable. He had gone on to the end of a certain event, strongly willing and meaning something which then he no longer willed or meant. With a sense of acquiescent surprise he found himself at peace with desires and purposes that had long afflicted him with unrest, and it was not they, apparently, that differed, but himself. To the young this will be a mystery, but to those no longer young it will be of the quality of many experiences which, if still mysterious, are not more so than the whole texture of existence.

He had foregone a hope that had seemed essential to his life, but that, once foregone, was like other things outlived—like something of years ago, of his early manhood, almost of his boyhood. He was still baffled and disappointed, but he perceived that he did not care, did not suffer, as he supposed he should care and suffer. It was his compensation that what was ignoble in his regret was gone from it. Neither resentment nor the selfish sense of loss tinged it. Primarily, his regret was hardly for himself; and he perceived that, so far as it concerned another, it was mixed with a sense of escape from anxiety, from fears which the fulfilment of his hopes would have perpetuated. He realized more and more that he had been

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having to do with weakness, and he realized this not in contempt of weakness, but in the compassion which was the constant lesson of his calling. He blamed Mrs. Langbrith, in her shrinking from collision with her son's will, no more than he would have blamed any timorous creature for seeking to shun a physical ordeal to which it was unequal. He had, at least, learned patience and mercy from his acquaintance with disease; and he had learned to distinguish between what was disease and what was an innate fault which no drugs, either for the soul or body, could medicine.

What surprised him and, when it first suggested itself, shocked him, was a sort of reason, which was not an excuse, for Royal Langbrith in the defect which he realized. Given such a predatory nature as his, was it not in the order of things that there should be another nature formed for his prey? Must not the very helplessness of his victim have been the irresistible lure of his cruelty? We are not masters of those vagaries, good or evil, that fill the mind after its disoccupation by direct purposes; and Anther did not seriously blame himself for their wild play. He broke this up and banished the vagaries sometimes by calling to his help things that he ought to think of, or by confronting them with the woman they wronged and so rendered the more tenderly dear to him.

She was, in fact, never more tenderly dear to him than now, when he had abandoned the hope, almost the wish, of making her his wife. She had been a wife long ago, and yet he began to feel a sort of profanation in the idea of making her a wife. The time came when Anther wondered whether he had ever really felt a passion for her, such as even in middle life a man may feel for a woman, and whether, in that embrace into which they had once been surprised, there was any love other than the affection of a brother and sister, drawn heart to heart in a moment of supreme emotion. At such a time he made entire excuse for James Langbrith, and accounted for him as forgivingly as for her. If her son had instinctively the feeling which had tardily worked itself out in Anther's consciousness, then, surely, it was not the son whom he could blame. One hints at cognitions which refuse anything more positive than intimation, and which can have no proof in the admissions of those who deal conventionally with their own consciences. It was because Anther was not one of these that he was a nature of exceptional type, and because he could accept the logic of his self-knowledge that he was a character of rare strength. He was strong enough not only to forgive the frantic boy who had insulted and outraged him in his pain, but to feel a share in the error which had kept him in ignorance of the truth. It was not the less his right to know this because there had never been the moment to make it known to him. Anther realized that the boy had been deeply injured, and he accepted his own share of the retribution as the just penalty of his share in the error. He saw, too late, that it was his weakness not to have overruled the weakness which he

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spared the supreme ordeal. He promised himself, somehow, sometime, to make good to James Langbrith the wrong he had suffered.

In this self-promise, after the experience which had stirred his life to its depths, he found a limpid peace from which his dream of passion hung retreatingly aloof, like a cloud broken and drifting away. He had a gayety of heart for which he did not logically account, but in which he felt the power of consoling and supporting the weakness he had once imagined protecting through a husband's rights. When he first saw Mrs. Langbrith after his tacit renunciation, much more real than that explicit renunciation which preceded it, he was aware of an apprehension in her which it was not for words to quiet. By what he forebore, he must make her know that he had ceased to think of her as he had thought, and that she was as safe from the pursuit of what had been his love as from the reproach which he would never join her in making herself.

They talked of Hope and Langbrith, and of the reason there was in believing that it might be safe for the girl to trust her father to himself, if James wished it, before very long. Mrs. Langbrith did not know directly of her son's plans and purposes. Apparently, the communication between them was formal and restricted, and she spoke of what was in her mind rather because of the girl than of him. In an involuntary measurement of her interest with his own, it appeared to Anther that it was he who was the more concerned for James Langbrith; and it was with surprise that he saw she really did not understand him at first when he said, "I wish he could be assured that, when he comes home, there will be no question of its being the same home to him that it has always been."

"I don't know what you mean," she returned.

"I really believe you don't," he said, musingly, with his unselfish gaze on her. "Well," he explained, "that he need not be afraid of my making a difference in it."

"Oh!" she evaded whatever challenge she might have fancied in the words, "he will have a home of his own. Dr. Anther," she continued, "I don't know what you'll think of me, but I don't feel the same towards James that I used to. I can't make it out, exactly, but should you think it was wicked if I had changed so that I did not care for him so much? When I was a child I was that way, if ever they made me do what I didn't want to do, and didn't make me see the reason. I remember it about my mother once, when I was quite little. I had to do what she made me, but after that she wasn't the same to me. It is so with James, now. He is not the same to me. I don't want to punish him for it, but he is not the same. I don't know whether I explain it."

"Yes, I think you do."

"And do you blame me?"

"No, but I think you may change again towards him." She

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shook her head doubtfully. "You're one of those who need to get back their strength when they have been tried."

His pitying intelligence was very sweet to her. "If I tried to say what I thought of *you*,—" she began.

"Don't try," he said, simply, and she did not.

She said, "I don't like to think how you have to live there in that way, taking your meals out, and your house so uncomfortable."

"Is it uncomfortable? I don't notice those things very much. I like going to the hotel; it gives variety, and it seems to me I don't get things so cold as I did with Mrs. Burwell."

She gave a housekeeper's sigh of compassion, but she said, from a higher feeling, "I know why you bought it."

"Yes, I told you. But that's all past now."

"Why is it past?" she demanded, almost resentfully. "Do you think I've changed towards you, too, Dr. Anther?"

"No, I don't, Amelia. I believe you're just what you always were towards me."

"Then, if it's all past, as you say, it must be you that have changed."

"No. I am the same, too."

She looked at him with a wistfulness which he knew to be entreaty of him for that strength to give herself to him which she did not feel in her own will.

"If you say so," she tried her courage, "I will do it now—to-morrow—to-day, if you say so. I told you that James took back what he said; that he was willing. At any rate, what is the use? He can never feel right to me after this, no matter what I do. I know him—he can't forgive the hurt to his pride."

"It was a hurt to something better than his pride," Anther said, justly.

"No matter. It's something he can't forgive me and I don't care. You're more than James is, and now he doesn't want me—he won't need me. If you ask me now to marry you, I will."

He believed that he saw in her the little maximum of her force, which perhaps spent itself in the words, and would have nothing left for the deed. The deed must be altogether his. In the sweetness that welled up in his soul from the consciousness of perfectly comprehending, not her intention merely, but her nature, he was happier than the fulfilment of his hopes could once have made him.

"Do you say that, Amelia, because you wish it or because you think I do?"

"I want to do everything that you want me to."

"Then I don't want you to do this, my dear. I know you will understand me. I don't believe we ought to get married."

"Because James—?"

"He has nothing to do with it, now. Because we can be more to each other if we remain as we are."

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She looked bewilderedly at him, but he believed that he saw in her the relief that weakness intimates to one who forbears demand upon it. She had fulfilled her impulse, and spent all her force on it. She was not hurt, either in her vanity or affection. He could see, indeed, that she trusted him too entirely for such an effect.

"Then," she said, in simple abeyance to his judgment, "Will you let me do anything for you that I think you need?"

"What is there that I need?" he parried her question. "I am very well as I am. I assure you that I am quite as I wish to be. I don't feel what seems to you discomfort, and after this understanding, that has no misunderstanding in it, I shall feel happier about you than I have ever felt. If I didn't believe you would rather live your life alone, or if I could believe you wanted me to join mine with it for any help I could give, you know I would make you do what you have offered to let me. But I believe the one thing, and I don't believe the other. I know you're wanting to put yourself under my will to sacrifice yourself to me.

"No!"

"Yes, it is so. If you ever want my help or counsel or friendship, you know it is always here for you, as fully and freely as if I were your husband—perhaps more so. At any rate, I should not exact anything in return, for I need nothing!"

"But if you ever do need anything—me or anything I can do—will you promise—promise—"

"Oh, yes, I will ask you. I promise you that."

Nothing seems final in human experience, and neither of these two who now parted really accepted the conclusion to which they had come as the last word in their affair. It was to be held in that sort of solution in which all human affairs are held, until that happens which can alone precipitate them. She went on with the life to which alone she was, perhaps, equal. She was, at any rate, inveterately used to its abnegations, if they were abnegations; and he did the daily duties which were always full of interest and had the variety which keeps men from stagnating. He had not falsely pretended that he liked meeting the new people he met at the hotel, and he was richer in old companionships than most men of his age. The new people, it must be confessed, were oftenest the commercial travellers whose enterprises brought them to Saxmills. But, to a man who took other men as unconventionally as he offered himself, they were less typical and more personal than they are in common acceptance. The younger ones might be noisy in manner, and over-jocular with one another at table and in the hotel office, where Anther sometimes paused for a moment of digestion after his meals, before driving off on his calls. But with the old fellow, whose bounds they did not try to traverse, they were quiet and gentle. When they had identified him, through the landlord, they liked to ask him if there was much sickness around. Now

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and then, one submitted a malady of his own to Anther, and took his medicine with a deferential inquiry whether the doctor thought smoking hurt a man. Now and then, there was a young family man among them, who was homesick for his wife and babies. The older family men liked the quiet of Anther's willing talk, and put before him their own philosophic conjectures and conclusions about life in general. Of their own sort of life they were confessedly tired, but what, at their time of day, could a man do? If they could get hold of a piece of land near a good market, they would be all right. What about abandoned farms in that neighborhood?

Among the transients, there happened people who had chanced stopping at Saxmills, because they had a fancy for seeing what such a place was like. They were people of independent tastes, from some of the larger cities, and of æsthetic occupations or none, who brought the waft of a larger life and the eagerness of a sympathetic intelligence. There was once an elderly couple from the West, who, after sparely owning that they were originally from this part of the country, developed into pilgrims to the old homestead of one or other of them, which they thought of buying back and fixing up for a summer place, if they could get the children to see it the same way. More than once there was a young couple, still in the flush of immediate marriage, who were breaking their wedding journey to Portland or Montreal or Boston, and were first diffident and then confident of Anther's good-will in his approaches to their acquaintance.

Besides all these, there were regular boarders, as the bank cashier and his wife, somewhat arid financial and social types; and that young and foolish matron who seldom fails, in any village community, to supply food for general reflection, and who, in the idleness of the hotel, where her young husband, a travelling man, had left her, amuses herself by wearing a white yachting-cap and a toothpick about the verandas, and varying her monotonous leisure by buggy-rides with a merchant of the place old enough to behave better.

Anther liked to drop in on Judge Garley of a late afternoon, when he commonly found the jurist reading a novel; he preferred the translations of French novels, which he devoured insatiably, but was as fond, in another way, of scientific tracts, such as he found in the mustard-colored Humboldt series; he liked psychology in any sort and size. With Anther he had always a certain effect of consideration, as one to whom, if not apology, tenderness was due, because of his peculiarities of temperament. The Langbrith incident remained closed between them, and there was no reason for Anther to believe that Garley had any misgivings as to his own attitude in it. Such spare reference to that business as Anther permitted himself was in his talk with Dr. Enderby, whom he fancied of an uneasy mind concerning it, and with whom he had a humane interest in administering the anodyne of his own final peace. It was,

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in fact, from the rector's reasoning to the conclusion he had reached before, that Anther was most helpful to his friend; Enderby himself was never so much satisfied with being in the right, as sure that he was right in what he had done. It was one of those experiences, he once owned, that intimate a less perfect adjustment of the moral elements in this life than we may hope for in the life hereafter; as if the earthly materials of conduct were cruder and coarser than the spirit which dealt with them, and which was attuned to finer issues of behavior. Occasionally, he asked if Anther knew anything of James Langbrith's immediate purposes, and if he might be expected to return at all soon. He betrayed that he was not at rest with regard to Langbrith's unwittingly making another a sharer in the responsibilities which he must some day assume towards the past.

Mrs. Enderby kept herself as fully instructed as possible from Hope as to the future of the young people, and if she partook of her husband's uneasiness, she did not show it. Perhaps, in that optimistic view of marriage which some of the best women take voluntarily, if not instinctively, she looked forward to that as the panacea of whatever ills life had in store for them. Of course, she allowed, Hope ought somehow to know the truth before she committed herself to the keeping of such a man's son, but this she felt would be somehow divinely rather than humanly accomplished; in reverting to the comfort of a more positive faith from her ancestral Unitarianism, she grew constantly in the grace of a belief in, at least, subjective miracles. That everything would come out right in the end, was so clearly a part of the universal justice, that she could not have final question of it. When she permitted herself to join in any of the rare and guarded approaches of Anther and her husband to the matter, it was to interpose herself between what the doctor might say and its effect upon the rector. She made herself the interpreter of Anther's acquiescence in the rector's reasoning, so that it should be more of the nature of a robust and positive support. If it would not have taken from Enderby the honor of being first to reach a right conclusion, she might have argued that Anther had himself intimated it to him—when she was less confident of it she sometimes conjectured this. But, for the most part, she was sure that Dr. Enderby had been inspired to it, and that the notion of patience, of waiting on the Supreme Will, of looking for what the older theology called a "leading," was the true ground to take. She was the more to be praised in this, because patience was not one of her innate virtues, and it was ordinarily her practice in life to anticipate the signs and tokens for which she was now willing to trust.

Something, in fact a great deal, she held, was to be hoped from Hawberk's return to health and work. There, she argued, was proof that the case had never really lapsed into forgetfulness with the Power that makes for righteousness. It was affecting, it was

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enough to bring the tears—and she showed them in her eyes—to know, as she knew by her husband's report of Anther's confidences, how poor Hawberk was taking the cruel wrong that had been done him by that wretched creature. No one else, surely, ought to insist upon justice, if *he* preferred mercy; and, certainly, if Hawberk took such a large, humane view, her husband ought to feel himself fully confirmed in it. Such a man could be trusted with the decision of what ought to be done about Hope. If he was willing to let the matter go for the present, no one else need bother.

To this conclusion, in these terms, Mrs. Enderby came; and, without transgressing the bounds of confidence in her cordiality with Hawberk, she tried to throw into her manner an appreciation, an approbation, which should be a reward to him, even in its want of relevance. As nearly as she might with self-respect, she lay in wait for him in his goings and comings to and from the mills, and she sent the very latest of her autumn flowers home by him, now to his daughter, and now to his mother-in-law, so that the old lady might not feel neglected. After one of the gay confabulations which Hawberk was as willing to hold as herself, she told him that now she knew where Hope got her happiness, and he owned that, well, yes, that sort of thing seemed to run in the family. As to his infirmity and his recovery from it, she would have liked to question him about it; but no opening offered itself, though she felt that Mr. Hawberk would have been perfectly willing to talk if they had once begun.

He was the most enthusiastic and optimistic of convalescents, and Anther, who had always to count with some sort of weakness, physical or moral, in his patients, had not the worse weakness to deal with in Hawberk. It was weakness of body, not of spirit, that confronted the physician, who could caution, but must not alarm, his patient as to his limitations. Hawberk was more strenuous than Anther in pushing their advantages against the common enemy, when he had begun sensibly to realize them. Without instruction, he suspended the laudanum altogether for a week; and one morning, at the end of it, he fell in the street, and was carried home senseless. It was just when John Langbrith had summoned his forces to the point of putting the mills into the charge of Hawberk and his business assistant, preparatory to going round the world so quickly that he would not be missed before he got back. When they told him of what had happened to Hawberk he said, "Hell!" and took up his burden again.

Hawberk went back to the alternating bane and antidote, and was much sooner at his work than John Langbrith in his skepticism could have imagined; but Langbrith's faith in him was gone, in spite of all that Anther could say or do to restore it. Even when, as the winter wore along towards the spring, and he was made to believe that Hawberk's laudanum had been gradually reduced again to nothing, and he had the witness of Hawberk's enthusiastic

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efficiency against his own doubts, he practised a sardonic self-denial with regard to the fact.

"You let it run along till winter," he said to Anther, "and, if he keeps up till then, it'll be time enough to talk to me about taking a vacation. But I guess I've got enough of putting an opium-eater in charge of the mills, for one while."

In early April, when the first of the blackbirds had come prospecting as far north as Saxmills, Hawberk was one day making a personal examination of the logs in the boom at the head-gates, for certain sticks which he wished to experiment with, in a new idea of pulp which he had got. He slipped and fell into the water, still icy-cold; but he easily climbed out, and hurried home, to laugh at the prophecies of his mother-in-law, who told him that he had taken his death, as soon as he came dripping into the house. For once in a long series of gloomy forecasts, she was right. Pneumonia set in and, twenty-four hours after it set in, death put his seal to the cure of opium-eating which Doctor Anther had effected in a typical case.

As long as she lived, the seeress could boast, not only that she knew Hawberk would die as soon as she laid eyes on him, but also that, if Doctor Anther could have attended him, Hawberk would not have died.

XXXIII.

In March, John Langbrith's misery had pushed him to the desperate step of writing to his nephew that, somehow, at any risk or cost, he must get away from work for a while. It was not a case of life or death, and neither he nor Anther had pretended that it was so; but it was a case of what a man could stand and care to live. He said this to his nephew; but he said also that he had merely reached the point where he did not care what became of the business. If James Langbrith cared, he had better come home and look after it; for, in a month from the time he wrote, John Langbrith was going to leave it. Like some men who have found a grim pleasure in suppressing their feelings, and who, upon a sudden occasion, find a yet grimmer pleasure in freeing them, he poured out on his nephew the disgust he had bottled up in his heart for James Langbrith's views and aims, and said that he had better learn to make paper than plays, for more people wanted it; there was more demand even for poor paper than for poor plays. He said something about James Langbrith's being old enough to leave off being a loafer, and to turn to and do something for a living.

The letter, rightly read, was a cry of physical pain; but there is no doubt that it was a vulgar and abusive cry, and it filled Langbrith with a fury which was not greater than his astonishment. In his whole life, his uncle had never spoken so many words to him on business, and had never offered him any criticism on what he was doing or proposing to do. He had felt a sardonic reserve in John Langbrith at their spare encounters, but so long as it

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continued reserve he did not care for it. He had a general contempt for his uncle, as a sort of mechanical-minded insect who could fulfil its office without volition or imagination, and now this insect had venomously risen and stung him in the tenderest part of his vanity. But he resolved to be a gentleman in repelling the attack. He determined not to answer John Langbrith's letter till he had let his wrath cool; not to judge him till he had submitted the case to another. The other was, of course, Falk, who did not give the matter too great thought when Langbrith pushed the letter peremptorily between him and a sketch Falk was making, and required to know what he thought of it. Falk read it with the sort of amusement which the pain of such a man as Langbrith is apt to give those who know him, and even those who like him; but, though he smiled, he could not refuse his friend the justice of owning, "Pretty nasty letter!"

Langbrith briefly wrote back to his uncle that he was not prepared to leave Paris at the moment; but that, if John Langbrith wished to relinquish his charge of the mills, it would be entirely acceptable to have them left in the hands of his business lieutenant and of Mr. Hawberk, who, as the old and devoted friend of his father, would doubtless feel, as his father's brother seemed not to have felt, the importance and sacred character of the charge. He made no reply to John Langbrith's sarcasms, but suffered himself the expression of a high, impersonal regret that he should have always mistakenly inferred his uncle's character from his father's. He could not, however, be altogether sorry that he had credited John Langbrith with the noble nature and magnanimous ideals of Royal Langbrith. Brief as it was, the letter was as insolently foolish as it could well be, and John Langbrith, reading it on the way up to Hawberk's house, where he had been summoned by news of Hawberk's dangerous condition, pushed it into his pocket with a pleasure in not having been mistaken as to the writer which few men would have been able to feel.

He had been told that he had better go up, by the young doctor who was hopelessly looking after Hawberk in place of Dr. Anther, then in the second week of typhoid fever. Anther had fought against the fever to the last, and when he succumbed to it he was already delirious, so that it was not known whether his asking for Mrs. Langbrith was or was not from a mind fully master of itself. But it did not matter. She was already on her way to him, at the first rumor of his sickness; and she carried her home into his homeless house, and gave him the tireless devotion in which alone she was not weak. She took her two women with her and installed them in the place, which she stripped the Langbrith homestead to make a little less comfortless. She published, so far as her action went, the fact of their affection to the whole village world. To some of those who came to offer the help she almost passionately refused; she said that Dr. Anther and she were engaged, and

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that they were to be married as soon as he was well again. In the sort of vehemence with which she declared this, she might well have wished to put her purpose beyond recall. Mrs. Enderby and Mrs. Garley would have helped her; there were few in the village who would not have been glad to offer help, if that of her nearest friends and his had been allowed. She was not stupidly and jealously set upon the sole charge of the sick man: it was she who had first thought of having a trained nurse from Boston, and had suggested it to the young doctor, who did not like to venture on it. She put herself second to the nurse, and subordinately shared her duties and vigils, claiming no rights and asserting no hopes they had not in common. She had not even the poor consolation of being the subject of the sick man's ravings. His crazy thoughts ran mostly upon Hawberk, whom he fancied advising and cautioning as to his case. Two or three times he dimly knew Mrs. Langbrith, but supposed himself in her own house with her. He sometimes mistook the nurse for her. All the tragedy that had allied them in the past, the baffle, the defeat, the despair was wiped out; and a trivial cheerfulness replaced it in the sick man's delirium.

John Langbrith came to tell her of Hawberk's death, and he said to the bewilderment in which she listened, "What are you going to do about James? He ought to come home, if he ever means to; but *I* can't make him."

"I will," she said from her daze, without asking him why he could not do it, as he, perhaps, intended. But she sat still without offering to put her will into any sort of effect.

"I've got the cablegram-blank with me," John Langbrith said. "You want to cable him, don't you?"

"Yes," she answered. "What shall I say?" she asked.

"Oh, anything, just 'Hawberk dead: come immediately.'"

She wrote mechanically from his dictation; then she put in a word.

"Well," John Langbrith said, with his grim smile, "it wa'n't necessary to have the 'Mister,' but it only costs twenty-five cents more, and he didn't get the 'Mister' so often while he was alive. Want to sign it, don't you?"

"Oh, yes," and she took the despatch from him. Then, after a hesitation she signed it "Mother" and gave it back, and let him go without asking anything about Hope.

John Langbrith staid two days for Hawberk's funeral; then, with some formality, referring to the favorable symptoms in Anther's case, which he would not have observed, perhaps, if they had been unfavorable, he broke away from his work, and took his misery with him on a vacation. He had a blind notion that a sea voyage would be the thing for him, and he thought of a trip to Bermuda. But he found that he could not get back under a week, and, desperate as he was, he could not bring himself to put that time be-

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tween him and possible recall to his life cares. He devolved upon a trip to Old Point Comfort, and went and returned by the coast-wise steamers, which encountered heavy weather enough to prolong both voyages, and to give him several days of haggard unrest at the beach hotel. He got in, he considered, a full week of sea-air by this means, and he arrived in New York one morning in time to take a Boston train which would connect for Saxmills, so that he could sleep at home that night.

He imagined it in this phrase before he realized, with a sardonic humor, that it would be going to bed, rather than sleeping, at home. He did not know how he was ever to sleep again anywhere; and the flame in his stomach fretted him to a white heat of exasperation with everything in life and the world. He was going back not better but worse, and he was going to take up alone the burden that Hawberk had divided with him during the last six months. Why need Hawberk have died now, damn him? He raged, and he cursed the fool for losing his life on that idiotic venture, when he could have sent any boy in the mills to pick out the right logs. In his thought, he visited the insufficiency of his business lieutenant with equal fury and profanity, and wondered what hell of a muddle he would have contrived to make of things in the week that he had been left alone. He included Anther in the rage of his condemnation, for being down with typhoid just when his skill was needed to save Hawberk, and he included that young jackass of an Emering, who knew as much about practising medicine as John Langbrith knew about sailing a ship. The figure was an effect from his recent voyages, in which all forms of navigation had fallen under his contempt, as incompetent to supply a man with the seasickness on which he had counted as one of the means of relief from his dyspepsia. While the boat rolled and pitched, and cries for help hailed the stewards from every stateroom, he had kept a steadfast stomach, such as it was; and he had maniacally calculated in his anguish that there was not enough water in the Atlantic Ocean to put out the fire that was burning in his hold.

It was still smoldering when the train stopped ten minutes for refreshment at New Haven, and Langbrith, who had started breakfastless from New York, recklessly decided to supply it with fresh fuel. As everything indifferently disagreed with him, he did not see why he should not have a cup of turbid coffee, a plate of cold beans and a piece of apple-pie, as well as anything wholesome, and he was wiping the traces of this repast from his shaggy moustache when he ran for his train, and scrambled into his parlor-car, just before the porter picked up his carpeted-step and swung himself aboard. As he crowded through the narrow aisle on his way to take his seat again, he glanced into the smoking-room and met the eye of his nephew, who turned at the same moment from watching the shipping in the harbor through the windows and over the platforms of the cars receding on the sidings.

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They knew each other with less surprise on John Langbrith's part than James Langbrith's; but it was the uncle who expressed an ironical astonishment, when he decided to be first to break the silence in which they were glaring at each other. "Oh!" he said, "*thought* you'd come over!"

XXXIV.

Everything in the sight of the young man made the older man hate him; but, most of all, it was the indefinable touch of Europe, of France, of the Latin Quarter in James Langbrith's dress which, while it could not interpret itself explicitly to John Langbrith's ignorance, expressed something superiorly and offensively alien.

"Uncle John," the young man's misfortune was to intensify this effect by the tone of his suggestion, "don't you think we had better leave anything of this sort till after—till later?"

"No, I don't," John Langbrith sourly responded. And he came into the smoking-room, and sat down in a chair opposite the corner of the sofa where James had been looking out of the window.

They had the place to themselves. It was the train which used to be called the "ladies' train," because of its convenient hours and slower gait, suitable to the leisurely transit of the unbusiness sex; and James Langbrith, in entering the car, had noted that, but for one man, there were only women in it, and had taken possession of the smoking-room to think the more unmolestedly of things that had filled, it seemed almost to bursting, his mind for the last ten days. John Langbrith had made no such observation, but he saw that they were alone with an opportunity for quarrel, with which he luxuriously toyed before he fully grasped it.

"When did you come?" he asked, after looking vainly for a splinter to chew upon. He caught sight of the porter's whisk-broom over the wash-bowl, and supplied himself with a straw.

In the mean time, James had said, "We got in this morning; our boat was thirty-six hours late; it was two days before I could get away after the cable reached me. She was the first boat out."

The words were spare enough, but there was an exculpatory flavor in them that suited John Langbrith's ferocious mood, and when James added, "How is my mother, and Hope?" he loosed himself upon the young man.

"I don't know. I haven't seen them for a week, and I don't want to bandy any small talk with you. I got your answer to my letter all right, and I want to have a square understanding with you. I don't know as we ever had a regular understanding, did we?"

"I don't know that we did, if you mean about the mills."

"I mean about the mills. What the devil else could I mean?"

"That," said James, "was all arranged before I was old enough to have any understanding with you, and since then I have let my absolute trust in you take the place of an understanding."

"I know that damn well. But the time has come now when I don't want your absolute trust."

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It occurred again to James Langbrith, as it had occurred before, since getting his uncle's astounding letter, that his uncle might be mad.

"I want to know whether you've come home for good, to take a grown man's share in your own business."

"That depends," James parried the issue. He was really no more afraid of the impending quarrel than his uncle, but he was a dreamer, and he liked to nurse his conclusions before trying them: liked to shy off from them and feign that they were not immediate, and perhaps not at all. John Langbrith was concrete where the young man was abstract, and his pleasure was to force the issue.

"It don't depend on me. I'm done with the thing. I'm going back to Saxmills, but it's to pull out for good and all."

"I suppose," James Langbrith assented, "that there will be an accounting and a settlement?"

"Oh, don't you be afraid of that, young man. There'll be a settlement all right, and after I've been paid a little more than day's wages, you can have the rest." John Langbrith felt the coffee and beans and pie beginning to ignite, and he flamed out upon his nephew from that inner conflagration, "What do you mean by 'an accounting,' you—you whippersnapper?"

James Langbrith made no answer, and his uncle pulled his chair closer, and put his face so near that the young man turned his own slightly aside, to get it out of the current of his uncle's dyspeptic breath.

"What do you mean? What do you mean?" John Langbrith insisted. "Do you suppose Royal Langbrith was a man to put anybody slippery into his business?"

"You know," James Langbrith disgustedly, but quietly, responded, "that I could not mean to impugn your honor." With the effect of being pushed to the wall and menaced there, he looked like his mother, who had so often been in that place, first through his father's duress and then through his own.

"Honor!" John Langbrith spat the word out of his mouth. "*I'm* talking *business!* What sort of man do you suppose your father was, anyway?"

A light, less of hate for his uncle than of love for his ideal of the father he had never known, kindled in James Langbrith's eyes, the long eyes of his mother. "He was, at least, a gentleman."

"That's to say I'm *not.* Well, go on. We'll take it for granted in my case. How do you know he was a gentleman, heigh?" He pressed him with the last word, and repeated it with a smile of scorn and pain. "Heigh? How do you know?" James Langbrith moved his head from side to side, as much now to escape what message of disaster might be coming as the effluvium that should bear it. But he made no answer, and John Langbrith hitched himself so near that his bony shins sawed against his nephew's legs, and he tapped him on the knee with his spiky forefinger, in the habit he had when

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talking business with people. He was talking business now as he said: "You don't know? Well, I do, because he was my brother, and I knew him up to within twenty minutes of his death. If he didn't reform within them twenty minutes"—John Langbrith in his passion lost the grip, always uncertain, of his grammar—"he'd ought to have went smack, smooth, to hell, like shot out of a shovel!" James Langbrith's eyes dilated with the assured conviction of his uncle's insanity, but at the same time his nostrils swelled with resentment of the maniac's offence. John Langbrith gave him no chance for the expression of either the belief or the emotion. "Ever since I could remember him he was the coolest and slickest devil! I don't know where he got it! He had the trick of making other folks do his dirty work,—and he was full of that, I can tell you,—and keeping such a hold of 'em that they never had the chance to squirm out of the blame. He had *me* fixed good and fast, while we were boys, by a scrape he hauled me into along with him, and when he wanted me, any time, and said 'Come!' you bet I went. That's the way I came to be left in charge of his business when he died, and that poor fool of a Hawberk crowded out of it with lies that Royal threatened to tell his wife if he peeped. That's the way the woman Royal lived with down to Boston came to take what he give her and no questions asked, without makin' trouble for him, alive or dead. *She* was fixed so that *she* didn't peep! And so right along the whole line! If he hadn't cowed your mother for good and all she might have said something about the way he used to bully her; and when he came home from his Boston sprees used to pound her. Oh, he was a *gentleman,* Royal was! And that poor sheep of an Anther might have spoke out in meetin' if your mother hadn't been so mollycoddlin' about you, that she couldn't bear to have you told the truth, when he wanted to marry her, and couldn't make her tell. But *I'll* tell you now, and don't you forget it! Royal was such a gentleman that he cooked it up with the devil how to fool the whole town, and make 'em believe he was a saint upon earth. That library buildin'! He gave it out of the profits of the first year after he choused Hawberk, and the mis'ble crittur was makin' it all right for Royal by tryin' to kill himself with laudanum! Why, he made Royal Langbrith rich with his inventions, and then Royal got the credit of 'em; and he got the credit of doin' the handsome thing by a man that was an opium-fiend, according to his tell, from the beginning. And when you took it into your fool head to put up that tablet to him in the front of the library, he had things so solid that all hell couldn't bust 'em up. Anther did go round to Garley and tell him the rights of it, but that old chump honey-fugled him into believin' that he better let bygones be bygones, for fear of the corruptin' effects on the community. Then Anther come to me, the last thing, but I was stickin' to my job, just about then, and I thought if your mother wouldn't keep you from runnin' your neck into the noose, *I* wouldn't. I believe there wasn't a last one of them

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jackasses up on the platform that wasn't as big a fool as you, except me and Anther and that old honey-fugler. And I ain't sure," John Langbrith said, withdrawing his furious face a little from its proximity to his nephew's, "but what I'd have held my tongue, now, if you hadn't put it to me that Royal Langbrith was a gentleman and I wasn't; but now you've got it, I guess, about as strong as they make it, right in the collar button!" He leaned forward again, and demanded in a fresh burst of fury, "I suppose you don't believe me? I presume you think I'm tryin' to work you, or off my nut, or just pure ugly! Well, you can ask Anther, when you get home. And you can ask your mother! And you can ask the mother of his other children—I'll give you her address. And you can ask that old honey-fugling fraud of a Garley! And you can ask Haw— Oh no, you can't ask him! He's out of it, but I guess his mother-in-law could tell you something she's suspected, all right! Oh, you've got a nice job cut out for you, young man! Why I wouldn't be in your shoes—"

The parlor-car conductor put his head in at the door, and looked at them. John Langbrith fell as suddenly silent as James Langbrith had been throughout. With the shadow of a changing mind passing over his face, the conductor said, "See: d' I get your tickets?" and James Langbrith, if not John Langbrith, knew that he had been drawn to them by the sound of a noisy, angry voice, and had meant to ask them to be quieter.

But the young man could not care. It would not have mattered to him now whether the whole world had overheard; the universal knowledge of the fact could be nothing, compared with the fact itself. His uncle got up and went out to his seat in the parlor, but James Langbrith did not move. He sat exposed to the tempest that had opened upon him without the shelter of a doubt. It seemed still to rage upon him like some war of the elements, and he was aware not only of the truth of what had been told him, but of its not being novel. He had that mystical sense of its having all happened before, long ago, and of a privity to it, in his inmost, dating back to his first consciousness. The awful conviction of the reality which held him like a demoniacal obsession was mixed with a physical loathing of his uncle's person, a disgust verging on sickness for his boiling hate, his vulgar profanities, mixed with the oldest and the newest slang, and the brute solecisms of the vernacular into which John Langbrith had lapsed in his passion. If he had wanted proof of what had been said of his father, the fact that John Langbrith was his father's brother would have been proof enough to the young man's shame.

From time to time, in the turmoil of his cognitions he had a nerveless impulse to follow his uncle, where he had gone to his seat in the drawing-room, and ask him this and that, but he did not. He was not aware of stirring till the porter came for his bag at the South Terminals in Boston. Then the horrible dream went on like

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waking, as he drove across the city to the Northern Stations, and found his train for Saxmills. Till then he had lost sight of his uncle, but he saw him boarding the same train; he looked into the smoker, and finding it fairly full, he got into it, making sure that John Langbrith would not come to molest him there. He had no wish now but to keep away from him, to keep for the present out of the sight of the man who had heaped his dishonor upon him, and who alone of all that he could encounter, would be knowing to it.

Apparently John Langbrith had no wish to look him up. He had doubtless poured the last drop from the vials of his wrath out upon him, and was without any purpose of breaking them upon his devoted head. At any rate when they got out of the train at Saxmills, the uncle made no motion to approach his nephew. He stared at him, ignoring him as perfectly as if he were any other shadow of the vaguely lighted depot, and getting into one of the two ramshackle public carriages which had chanced a late passenger, drove off into the darkness. James Langbrith took the other, and bade the man, who was a stranger to him, drive to Mrs. Langbrith's.

All the way he had a sinking of the heart which was not related to the failure of his mother to have him met, after he had telegraphed her from New York that he was coming on that train. There was no lifting at sight of a belated lamp in the parlor, or at its moving thence, at his knock, and showing through the transom of the hall-door, which his mother opened to him herself.

(To be Continued.)

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CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS NUMBER.

REAR-ADMIRAL GEORGE W. MELVILLE, U. S. N.,

stands high among the eminent men who, by their deeds and achievements, have brought great honor upon the American Navy and the American name. In 1861, he entered the navy as an assistant engineer, with the rank of midshipman. During the Civil War he gained a reputation for dauntless valor, having volunteered on several occasions for services of the most desperate character. After passing through all intermediate grades, he was made Engineer-in-Chief of the United States Navy in 1887, with the rank of Commodore, and he was promoted to be Rear-Admiral in 1899. As Engineer-in-Chief, he has contributed largely to the building up of the new navy, designs having been made, during his term, for over 120 ships and 700,000 horse-power. His most signal professional success was, probably, the perfecting of triple-screw machinery. Admiral Melville has made three voyages to the Arctic seas, and his name will always have an illustrious place in the heroic history of the effort to reach the North Pole. In 1879, he sailed with DeLong in the ill-fated "Jeannette," and he commanded the boat's crew which, through his resoluteness, wise judgment, and unfailing resourcefulness, escaped from the wastes of the Lena delta. Subsequently he headed expeditions which recovered the records of the "Jeannette" expedition and the remains of DeLong and his companions. In 1890, he was voted a gold medal and advanced fifteen numbers by special act of Congress, for bravery in the Arctic.

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The Hon. John Scott-Montagu

represents in Parliament the New Forest Division of Hampshire. At school and college he took an active part in athletics; he was stroke in the winning College Eight at Oxford in 1887. He is interested in sport, especially automobiling, and is editor of "The Car," one of the leading automobile papers in England. He has travelled in America, Japan, China, India, and Egypt; also in South Africa, where he acted as correspondent of *The Times* in Rhodesia during the Matabele War.

Jane Addams

is the head resident of the Social Settlement of Hull House in Chicago, which, with Miss Ellen Gates Starr, she opened in 1889. She is well known as a writer and lecturer on social and political reform, and is the author of a work entitled "Democracy and Social Ethics."

Charles Morawitz,

a Director of the Anglo-Austrian Bank in Vienna, is a European financier of the highest standing. He has an intimate knowledge of the conditions which prevail within the dominions of the Sultan, having been in constant contact with the Ottoman Government since the construction of the lines of railway in European Turkey.

Charlton T. Lewis,

whose lamented death some weeks ago brought to an end a career of great and varied usefulness, was one of the most eminent of modern American classicists. The Latin Dictionary compiled by him and used on both sides of the Atlantic stands as a monument to his vast learning. He lectured on life insurance in Harvard and Columbia Universities, and on the principles of life insurance in Cornell University. Dr. Lewis was much interested in penology and kindred subjects. He was president of the Prison Association of New York, and of the State Charities Aid Association of New Jersey; chairman of the Commission to revise the Penal Laws of New Jersey; and United States delegate to the Paris Congress of Prisons in 1895.

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ELIZABETH CARPENTER

is a native of Lancaster, Pennsylvania, where she taught school for a number of years. For some time she was on the staff of the *Philadelphia Record,* and, as a writer on general literature, of the *Household News.* She is the author of a set of charts called "The Student's Guide to General Literature." She now lectures on History and Literature, and has won a reputation for careful and successful work, which owes its distinctive value to her deep interest in the ethical significance of history.

ROBERT DEC. WARD,

one of the founders of the Immigration Restriction League, is Assistant Professor of Climatology in Harvard University. He is a Fellow of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences and of the Royal Meteorological Society of London, and a member of the *Deutsche Meteorologische Gesellschaft.* He is the author of a work entitled "Practical Exercises in Elementary Meteorology."

BENJAMIN TAYLOR

is an editorial writer for the Glasgow *Herald,* one of the foremost journals in Scotland, who has devoted much attention to international commerce and cognate subjects.

HENRY W. NEVINSON

is a well-known English writer. He was correspondent of the *Daily Chronicle* during the Greek and Turkish War in 1897, and in Natal and the Transvaal during the Boer War. Among his writings are "Neighbors of Ours," "In the Valley of Tophet," "The Thirty Days' War," "Ladysmith," and "The Plea of Pan."

H. H. BANCROFT

was born in Ohio and went to San Francisco in 1852. He collected, as materials for Pacific Coast history, a library of 60,000 volumes, and with the aid of a staff of collaborators he has written and published an historical series of thirty-nine volumes, covering the western part of North America.

SYDNEY BROOKS

is an English journalist who has already contributed a number of articles to the REVIEW on a variety of subjects.

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H. A. AND J. H. C.

are students of the Constitution who take different views of the question whether Congress can legally give independence to the people of the Philippine Islands. The first of the two papers was prepared in consultation with high officials of the United States Government.

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